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TWO SIXPENCE.
WHOLE SHEETS } By Post, 6d.

General
Von Wittich.

Duchess of
Connaught.

The Queen.

Prince Henry
of Battenberg.

Duke of
Connaught.

Prince of Wales.



Dean of Windsor.

THE QUEEN UNVEILING THE STATUE OF THE LATE EMPEROR FREDERICK AT WINDSOR.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

Can anyone tell us what has become of Christmas pie? Mince pie of course is with us. We jeer at *quantum suffi*, "and trample upon base enough," as much as our forefathers: though they had digestions, and we have none, we manage, by the help of Pepsin and Dinner Pills, to stow away an equal supply of Christmas fare; but, still, we have no pie! It was a noble dish. A North-country friend tells me that it still exists in Yorkshire, and is made of "a goose or two, with the addition, perhaps, of half a dozen fowls." Such store was set by it that a guard was detached to watch it during the dark hours:—

Come guard this night the Christmas pie,
That the thief, though ne'er so sly,
With his flesh-hooks don't come nigh
To catch it,

sings Herrick. What a vigil! What a dramatic situation! The temptation of the watcher himself (*Quis custodiet*) to have a finger in the pie, and the arrival of the thief—one supposes from above—with his peculiar instrument, to "click" (as river poachers term it) the unconscious delicacy! And we have lost all this!

With a dead lift, and by means of the most eloquent entreaty, the British journalist has almost been persuaded to abandon the word *doyen* to the country to which it belongs. It was a hard struggle; the new acquisition had taken his fancy, and, like the gentleman who for the first time masters his Horace, he could not restrain himself from quoting it on all occasions. Everyone who was over seventy became the *doyen* of some profession or another. To a lover of his own language, it became a new terror added to old age lest he should one day become a *doyen* himself. As for the term *piébiscite*, it is now doubtful whether we shall ever get rid of it. Generally speaking, one is glad to think that these newspaper innovations are not long-lived. We hear no more of the *prole*—(it is not necessary to mention the whole of it, and to do so may cause its revival), of that many-syllabled word used to describe the British workman, otherwise known as "the horny-handed son of toil." He is gone to the limbo of departed phrases, taking with him, let us hope, his classical contemporary, the "general consensus of opinion." But, on the other hand, the use of the phrase *fin de siècle* has set in with terrible severity. In the slang of the day, it has "caught on," and, indeed, is so exceedingly catching that it has already spread to the police reports. The importation of the foot-and-mouth disease has been stamped out: the present epidemic is not, of course, a mouth disease, because it is not verbal, but can nothing be done with *fin de siècle*?

The "Scuttlers" in the manufacturing districts are having a very fine time of it. They are young gentlemen in rude health and in the enjoyment of the highest spirits, and they have nothing to do except "scuttling," which, it seems, is the sport of knocking people about with bludgeons or stoning them—all for fun. Their bag for the past week or two has been half a dozen policemen "invalided," and an indefinite number of harmless passers-by "contused." The Home Secretary has been appealed to, and has declared that in the present temper of the House of Commons (the members of which, with few exceptions, do not live in the disturbed districts) he could not venture to propose that these high-spirited youths should be flogged, which is the only punishment they are afraid of. Now there is an opportunity of trying the plan I have more than once suggested, as applicable to the Rough. Why not make a regiment of these irrepressible young gentlemen apart from the regular Army? What they love is fighting, and what they want is discipline. "The Scuttlers," it is true, would hardly be a good name for a regiment on active service: they might be called the "Bruisers" or the "Black and Blues"; but the point is that here is the very material for the drill-sergeant, ready to his hand. We should not be taking them from any "industry," for they have none; we should not be distressing any widowed mother at parting with them (when not "scuttling," we are told, they jump on their mothers); and, if anything were to happen to them in battle, through their excessive intrepidity, those who knew them best would least regret it. Let it henceforth be understood that a second conviction for "scuttling" is a qualification for the "Black and Blue Brigade," and then these fine young fellows would have something to fight for.

The story of the reproduction of Robert Browning's voice upon the anniversary of his death, by means of the phonograph, is deeply interesting, and a strange rendering indeed of the statement "He who is dead yet speaketh." But from the point of sensation—to use a vulgar word, though not in a vulgar sense—it might have been greatly heightened. To hear one's friend—even one's dead friend—recite his own poems is not so impressive a thing as to hear him talk (as one now might hear him) of absolute "Faith, Free-will, Foreknowledge," as he was wont to do in life. It is only a very few poets who can, so to speak, sing their own songs, and Browning was not one of them. His memory of them was not very good, nor his delivery very impressive. I have sometimes thought that it was of her husband Mrs. Browning was thinking when, upon this very matter (self-recitation), she wrote—

The chariot-wheels jar in the gates through which we drive them forth.
At all events, how much more heart-stirring would be the resuscitation of some spiritual speculation such as thoughtful men indulge in, though at rare times, with a friend, when they themselves have passed "beyond the stars" and already tested its value!—

The faith, the vigour, bold to dwell
On doubts that drive the coward back,
And keen through wordy snares to track
Suggestion to her inmost cell.

How faint would be the picture, fine as it is, the poet has drawn for us of the man reading the letters of his dead friend in the time between the darkness and the dawn, compared

with that of his listening to the vanished voice itself, as science now enables him to do!

That the phonograph will come eventually to be commonly used for this purpose may be considered certain. Our departed dear ones will be made to speak to our ears, as their loved forms, by the photograph and the stereoscope, are presented to our eyes. At present the notion seems somewhat gruesome and unpleasant, perhaps even irreligious; but in time that will not be so. On the death-days of his friends, we read, Leigh Hunt used to hold a sort of memorial service; their favourite poems were read, their favourite pieces of music played, and the hours made to pass as much as possible as if they had still been in the company of the survivors; but into what insignificance sinks such a reproduction of the past compared with what has been now made possible! The effect, indeed, must be so tremendous that it will be necessary to be careful with the experiment, lest with some "waxen hearts," while grief is fresh, it should produce a catastrophe both in mind and body.

The lady whist-players of New York, we are told, are apt to make that noble game a mere excuse for the display of their wrists and arms: they pay more attention to the rings on their fingers than to the trumps in their hands, and are content to lose a rubber if they can outshine their opponents in jewellery. This is a vanity in which, for once, men have no share. I have heard of one gentleman, indeed, who made great use of a diamond ring at whist, but it was not to attract admiration: his only object was to guide his friend and partner. When he tapped the table (quite by accident, in collecting the first trick) with his hand, it meant that he had only one honour; when he struck it with his ring, he had two. The jewel was paste, but through this ingenious device became more valuable than if it had been genuine. No doubt some of those lady players wear very magnificent stones, but the wife of even a New York millionaire cannot boast of such jewels as were wont to adorn the ladies of old Rome. One Lollia Paulina, Pliny tells us, used to wear about her in trinkets what cost a third of a million of our money. What a partner *she* would have made to any man!

Women of high rank in England were at one time devoted to the card-table (though not to whist), and thought very little of their ornaments in comparison with winning or losing; but the money, and not the game, was always the attraction, and the turf, like an Aaron's serpent, has now swallowed up all its rivals. In the "best circles" ladies who are not otherwise literary are said to give much of their time (and of their husbands' money) to their "books." Yet, fond as women naturally are of risk, the love of gambling in the feminine race has hitherto been confined to persons of quality. Now, however, it unhappily seems to have permeated to the lower orders. Gambling clubs, solely for women, have been instituted even in our provincial towns. The crudeness of their methods shows how new-born is the vice to which they pander. A lady, with nine children, gave evidence the other day as to how the club to which she belonged was conducted. It consisted of thirty-four members, who formed a "pool" by putting in a shilling apiece. Then numbers were drawn for "high and low." (At first they used to throw with dice, but the police came in, and somebody had to swallow the dice, which was found inconvenient.) No. 1 and No. 34 each took seventeen shillings, and paid threepence apiece for the use of the room. Nothing could be more simple, or (let us hope) more fair; but it does not seem to have afforded much opportunity for the exercise of skill. Moreover, as the other sex were excluded, members would have derived little satisfaction from an exhibition of jewellery.

The divine who, in the columns of *The Young Man*, has been denouncing gambling, has shown that he is possessed of more sagacity than is generally attributed to "the children of light," by pointing out how seldom one wins. This argument, if it can be driven home, will be found to be at least as efficacious as moral suasion, just as in Salt Lake City, as Sir Richard Burton tells us, morality, in the Gentile world, was greatly strengthened by the knowledge that any breach of it was certain to be followed by the "disappearance" of the offender. The reverend journalist has shown that of the five chief sporting papers the tipster who has proved most trustworthy is only right once out of six times; so that, even on the lowest grounds, it is better to keep the (moral) law and break with the (sporting) prophets. An ingenious writer in the *Pall Mall Gazette* has, indeed, shown that, if one "tip" comes off, "at longish odds, say ten to one," the "young man" who has trusted to it will still reap his reward; but that is on the supposition that prophets are more venturesome than they really are. We do not find them "picking out the winner" when the odds are ten to one against him until after the "event."

When any two persons, through lack of funds, an obstruction to the course of true love, or any other cause of dissatisfaction with mundane affairs, agree to commit suicide together, it is most important (as in the case of the publication of books for the American market) that the acts should be simultaneous. If you are the first to slip off your mortal coil, you can never be sure whether the other has done it. There have been only too many cases where, just at the last moment, the other party has shrunk from performing his part of the contract. I say "his," because where a gentleman and a lady are concerned it is always the latter who is the first, and sometimes the only, victim. One need hardly say that, in "the game whose moves are Death," this is little short of cheating. In Berlin, the other day, two gentlemen agreed that one should shoot the other, and then himself. He shot the other "easy enough," but found it much more difficult to complete his bargain. A bit of his ear was all he could persuade himself to part with, and the police have

objected even to that. Moreover, in his nervous flurry, he did not mortally wound the other man, who is even more incensed against him for his perfidy, it seems, than for his inaccuracy of aim.

It seems, from my daily paper, that it is nine years since the Long Water of the Serpentine bore skaters. I should have thought it did so the year before last, or two years ago at farthest; but "the years, the years, they glide away," and where would our dates be but for the newspapers? It is, no doubt, as lively a scene as ever, and the hirer-out of skates—like the post-boy on the Derby Day—has once more found his vocation; but what, one wonders, has he been doing in the interval? He is not a romantic person to look at, but he is certainly of a trustful disposition, or he would not let total strangers go away (at twenty miles an hour) with his property on their feet, without a deposit. Yet there is a legend that only once has he lost a pair of skates. This happened nearly fifty years ago, in his father's time, through a young gentleman of the highest fashion. The last buckle of his skates was just being adjusted when he tore himself away, and flew on to the ice as though pursued by bailiffs. This was exactly what had occurred. A sheriff's officer had missed him by a hand's breadth, which seemed to him—for he was a practised skater—as good as a mile. He described "a flourish" in the very face of the discomfited minion of the law, as he stood shivering with cold and rage upon the bank. But his triumph was short-lived. "I can skate as well as you, my friend," said the bailiff, and he too hired a pair of skates, and in half a minute was pursuing him. He could not only "skate as well," but better; and the young gentleman, finding himself out-speeded, made in desperation for the bridge. Under the bridge the ice seldom bears, and that afternoon it was marked "Very dangerous"; but in those days men were imprisoned for debt, and liberty seemed worth some risk. Putting his best speed on, he flashed over the bending ice, and reached the upper water in safety; but the bailiff, a much heavier man (and with the writ in his pocket), came through—not the bridge, but the ice. While the R.H.S. men were getting him out, the gentleman of fashion got away, and, though it is unlikely that he took his skates with him, they were never returned to their proprietor.

Some gentleman engaged in education has been writing to the papers to complain that Mr. Barker's stories about his young humourists are not trustworthy. He has been talking to a good many schoolmasters upon the subject, and "not one of them has had under his guidance" any such juvenile "geniuses." But how should they know whether they had? The last person to possess a sense of humour (or how could he carry on his profession?) is a schoolmaster, and the last person, if he did possess it, in whom he would recognise the attribute is in one of his own pupils. This gentleman, indeed, has himself shown the sort of spirit in which he regards these outbreaks of the ridiculous by calling these boy blunderers "geniuses." Why should he be angry with them for being amusing (when they did not mean to be), or with us for being amused? Surely it is not to be regretted that, amid the dullness and "stodginess" of our educational reports, there should be a few gleams of fun—half a dozen currants in that plain and very heavy pudding? Even if Mr. Barker *has* invented it all, it is not a crime. It is a poor thing to say of a good joke that it is not true, and certainly no contribution to human happiness. If any schoolmaster would be so good as to favour us with any experiences of his profession that *are* true, and only half as interesting as Mr. Barker's, we shall, I am sure, be delighted to hear them.

THE QUEEN AND THE LATE EMPEROR
FREDERICK.

At Windsor Castle, on Dec. 18, the Queen unveiled the memorial of the late Emperor Frederick, placed in St. George's Chapel. The statue, of which we gave an illustration, is of white marble, about ten feet high. It stands under the Canon Pearson window, in the south aisle, close to the subway leading to the Royal vault beneath the Albert Chapel. The statue had been draped with blue cloth. Floral gifts had been forwarded to the castle, and were laid near the Lincoln Chapel. The largest was that sent by the Emperor William II. from Berlin.

The Queen, the Prince of Wales, the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, and Prince Henry of Battenberg drove from the Palace to the Albert Chapel. They were received by the Very Rev. Randall Davidson, the Dean of Windsor (Bishop-Designate of Rochester), and were conducted to their places. The religious service was performed by the Dean, assisted by Canon Eliot (Dean-Designate of Windsor) and Minor Canons Gilbert, Edwards, Tahourdin, Treherne, and Marshall. The choral portions were sung by the choir of St. George's Chapel.

The ceremonial was brief and simple. The Queen pulled the cord, and the drapery fell to the pavement, disclosing the statue in the pale noonday light streaming through the windows. Then were heard the voices of the surprised choristers singing to Gounod's beautiful music the anthem "Send out Thy light and Thy truth; let them lead me, and bring me to Thy holy hill." The Queen, visibly affected by sad recollections, waited till the anthem was over, and then, assisted by the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, Princess Margaret, and General Von Wittich, proceeded to dispose the wreaths about the pedestal of the statue. Her Majesty, with the other members of the Royal family, returned to the palace.

Mr. Bewley, Q.C., has accepted the Judicial Judgeship of the Irish Land Commission, which was offered to him by the Lord Lieutenant, subject to her Majesty's approval. Mr. Bewley is an able lawyer, of long experience and in extensive practice, and his appointment will give confidence to the legal profession and the public.

The report of the Land Commission for five years shows that the average of purchase for holdings sold under the Purchase Act was, in 1886, 18 years' purchase, and has been in 1890 16-7 years. During the whole five years the Commissioners had to fall back on the guarantee deposits only seven times. Only £1000 of arrears remain unpaid up to the present. No loss whatever has occurred to the State in any case under the Acts.

THE COURT.

The Netherlands Envoys, who were accompanied by Sir James Fergusson, Under-Secretary of State, went to Windsor Castle on Dec. 18 for the purpose of announcing to the Queen the accession of Queen Wilhelmina to the throne of Holland. Her Majesty's guests dined and slept at the castle.

Amid a heavy fall of snow, the Court left Windsor on the morning of the 19th for Osborne. The Queen, accompanied by Princess Beatrice, Prince Henry of Battenberg, and their children, and attended by the Royal suite, drove from Windsor Castle in a closed pony carriage to the Great Western Railway Station, and left by special train at 10.20 for Gosport, en route for Osborne. A number of spectators assembled along the line of route to witness the departure of the Court. The Queen arrived at Clarence Yard, Portsmouth, a quarter of an hour late, and was received by the heads of the naval and military departments. Snow had been falling all the morning, and was six inches deep along the side of the railway. The storm was so blinding that the ships had to signal each other by means of foghorns, the semaphores being out of observation. Just as the Royal train arrived, however, a breeze sprang up, and the sun asserted a little power. Heavy rollers were encountered near Cowes, but the trip across was accomplished in less than an hour. The Queen arrived at Cowes at half past one. Her Majesty and the Royal family and the members of the Royal household attended Divine service at Osborne on Sunday morning, the 21st. The Rev. Canon Prothero, M.A., officiated.

His Excellency Count Schimmelpenninck de Nyenhuis, and Jonkheer Gevaerts van Simonshaven, who have arrived in London on a special mission to announce to the Queen, on the part of the Queen Regent of the Netherlands, the death of King William, were received on Dec. 19 by the Prince of Wales. The Netherlands Minister, Count de Bylandt, was present on the occasion. General Sir Dighton Probyn and Rear-Admiral Stephenson were in attendance. His Royal Highness visited the Duke of Cambridge at Gloucester House. In the evening the Prince and Princess, with the Duke of Edinburgh and the Duchess of Connaught, were present at the performance of "Antony and Cleopatra" at the Princess's Theatre. The Prince and Princess were present at Divine service on Sunday morning, the 21st. Princess Louise, Duchess of Fife, the Duke of Fife, and the Duke of Cambridge visited the Prince and Princess of Wales, and remained to luncheon. The Princess travelled to Sandringham on the 22nd, for Christmas, and the Prince followed next day.

By special request of the Queen the funeral of the late Sir Edgar Boehm took place, on Dec. 20, at St. Paul's Cathedral. Princess Louise (Marchioness of Lorne) was among the mourners present, while representatives of the Queen and the Prince and Princess of Wales attended, bearing wreaths with inscriptions attached. The Duke of Edinburgh was represented by Colonel Colville.

MUSIC.

An important performance during the closing portion of 1890 was the opening of the new season of the Bach Choir at St. James's Hall. This institution, founded in 1876, was for some years under the skilled and zealous direction of Mr. Otto Goldschmidt. Its original object was, as its title may imply, to promote a larger public knowledge of the sublime choral works of John Sebastian Bach. More recently, the scope of the Bach Choir has been extended, and the programmes have included works of various composers, sometimes of those of a much more modern period than that of the great John Sebastian. On the resignation of Mr. Otto Goldschmidt, the office of conductor devolved on Professor Stanford, by whom it has been filled with great zeal and skill. The concert now referred to comprised performances of Brahms's "German Requiem" and Dr. Parry's setting of the "Ode on St. Cecilia's Day." The first-named work is a grand specimen of pathetic and pious expression and scientific construction, and embodies the feelings of the composer on the occasion of a severe domestic bereavement. This composition, however, and that which followed it in performance at the Bach Choir concert, have more than once been commented on by us. Dr. Parry's cantata was originally produced, with much success, at the Leeds Festival of 1889. It was then noticed by us, and it need now only be said that it was again worthily performed and again proved highly successful. The solo vocalists at the concert of the Bach Choir were Miss L. Lehmann and Mr. F. Davies.

The Popular Concerts at St. James's Hall are over for the year, the last Saturday afternoon performance of 1890 having been given on Dec. 20, when the programme consisted entirely of music by Beethoven, including his "Kreutzer" sonata, assigned to Sir Charles Hallé and Madame Neruda, and vocal pieces by Madame Schmidt-Koehne.

Among the few concerts of the closing part of the year, the second of those given by Mr. R. Gompertz, at Princes' Hall, deserves mention as having offered an excellent selection of chamber music, the programme of which comprised quartets led by himself—in association with the other members of the Cambridge University Musical Society's string quartet—and pianoforte performances by Mr. L. Borwick.

Among previous announcements of musical performances were the production, at Gresham Hall, Brixton, of an opera entitled "Zelica," the text adapted from Moore's "Lalla Rookh"; the music by M. S. R. Philpot—and a concert by the Ballad Singers' Club, at the galleries of the Royal Society of British Artists, in aid of the funds of the Royal Hospital for Children and Women, Waterloo Bridge-road.

There is, as usual, at this period of the year a lull in musical activity which, however, will speedily be replaced by a renewal of important performances. The suspension of some of the serial concerts is but temporary; and the year 1891 will at once bring back renewed activity, the resumption of the concerts of the Royal Choral Society, at the Albert Hall, being fixed for the first day of the new year, when a performance of Handel's "Messiah" is promised.

The competition for the Rutson Memorial Prize (sopranos) took place recently at the Royal Academy of Music. There were nine candidates, and the prize was awarded to Miss Ethel Barnard.

Early on Dec. 18 the Grand Hotel adjoining the jetty at Margate was entirely destroyed by fire, some of the inmates escaping with difficulty.

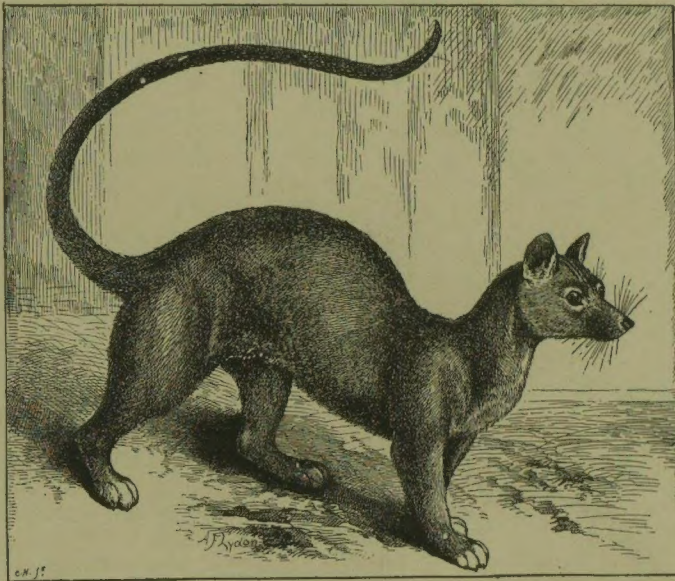
Dunchurch Lodge, Warwickshire, the intended residence of the Hon. Dudley Leigh, eldest son of Lord Leigh, was destroyed by fire on Dec. 17. The Hon. Dudley Leigh was married recently, at St. George's, Hanover-square, to Miss Beckwith, and, as they have not yet returned from their honeymoon, the Lodge was uninhabited, although completely furnished.

CHRISTMAS MORNING IN THE COLONIES.

The Sun is the Ruler of our terrestrial globe; and in these ages of spreading colonisation, as well as of almost complete geographical knowledge, as "the thoughts of men are widened," not merely by an appreciation of the difference of climates and seasons, and of all natural conditions, in distant parts of the earth, but also by constant sympathy with our emigrant sons, our brothers, our cousins and friends, we fancy them living their daily lives in Australia, in Canada, in New Zealand, or in South Africa, under circumstances unlike those of English homes, so far as the sun can affect their present comfort. Christmas is celebrated at the Antipodes in the blazing heat of Midsummer, but with a good appetite, no doubt, for the best meat and the most carefully mixed plum-pudding—if there be any plums—that can be prepared at a remote cattle-station far away on the arid plains of New South Wales. The night falls on the vast horizon, where no other dwelling was in sight by day; and the "lonely squatter," having eaten his dinner and drunk his tea, sits on a log, dropping his idle stock-whip, hears the trampling hoofs of his horses behind him, the boisterous laughter of his two men in their hut, watches the smoke of his fire on the ground, and pensively remembers those in England, whom he will not see again for many years. And in British North America, not so very distant—within a fortnight's travel by land and sea, if he were suddenly called home—the Canadian settler, harmlessly enduring a frost of nearly twenty degrees below zero, glides on his snow-shoes along the path below pine-clad hills, with his gun ready for a shot at the game likely to be seen there, on his way to share the Christmas dinner of his neighbour; these friends also will talk of Old England, and they will be kindly remembered here.

THE FOUSSA, A STRANGE ANIMAL.

A recent addition to the Zoological Society's collection of live specimens is quite unique, not only in European shows of natural history, but in animal nature; for it represents to science the sole type of its genus, and of the oddly named "Cryptoprocta" family of flesh-eating mammals. It comes from Madagascar, its only known habitation on the globe, where it is called the "foussa," the "forassa," the "pintsala" or "kintsala," and has been described by travellers. This



THE FOUSSA (CRYPTOPROCTA FEROX), AT THE ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY'S GARDENS.

beast is about 3 ft. long, somewhat resembling the genet or civet cat, but its shape is rather like that of a weasel. With sharp retractile claws and strong teeth, it is a formidable beast of prey, and often kills wild hogs, goats, or even small cattle, springing fiercely at the throat. Its habits are nocturnal, and it perpetuates much havoc in the western parts of the large island of Madagascar.

Mr. E. A. Maund, addressing the members of the Chamber of Commerce upon trade prospects with the districts in East Africa watered by the Zambesi, expressed the belief that Mashonaland would become the granary of South Africa, and that there was no limit to the capabilities of that country in an agricultural sense.

Under the auspices and with the personal assistance of Princess Christian, Princess Victoria of Hohenlohe, Countesses Dudley and Clancarty, and the Ladies Harlech, Moncrieff, and Wantage, a fancy fair was held, on Dec. 20, at Sunningdale, in aid of the London Mothers' Convalescent Home. Lord Hay of Kinfauns did conjuring, and there were tableaux presented by the Hon. Mrs. Hay and other ladies.

At the annual distribution of prizes at King's College on Dec. 16, Mr. W. H. Preece, F.R.S., occupied the chair, and on the platform were Dr. Wace, principal; Sir A. K. Rolit, M.P., and the head master, Mr. C. W. Bourne, who gave a list of the honours won at the Universities by their scholars, and mentioned that the newly appointed Bishop of St. Albans was "an old K. C. S. boy." Diversion was afforded subsequently by the performance of German, Greek, and English plays—Kotzebue's burlesque "Cleopatra," the "Frogs" of Aristophanes, "Topicalised," and "The Hair-at-Law," in the representation of which R. Wehrhagen, R. Fullerton, W. J. Barnes, J. F. Lonsdale, P. C. Lindsay, G. H. Godwin, A. Dods, J. P. Brennon, H. S. Collins, and H. F. Penny distinguished themselves. Nor must the musical interludes of E. Brooksmith and R. L. Schmidt be forgotten.

At a meeting of the Board of Delegates of the Hospital Saturday Fund, it was resolved to award £15,644 to various hospitals, dispensaries, and convalescent homes. Among the awards are the following: London Hospital, £886; Guy's, £588; Middlesex, £411; St. George's, £400; St. Mary's, £368; Westminster, £300; Seamen's, £289; Charing-cross, £261; Royal Free, £249; North London, £232; King's College, £231; German, £198; and Great Northern Central, £143. Among the grants to special hospitals are: Brompton for Consumption, £662; City of London, Victoria Park, £319; Infirmary for Consumption, Margaret-street, £162; City-road Chest Hospital, £203; Royal National, Ventnor, £130; East London Children's Hospital, £158; Great Ormond-street, £154; Victoria, £135; Alexandra, £120 10s.; National Hospital for Epilepsy, &c., Queen-square, £150; Lock Hospital, £155; Royal London Ophthalmic, £176; Royal Orthopaedic, £121; Royal Hospital for Women and Children, £134; and Samaritan Free, £112. Several awards are also made to dispensaries.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated June 13, 1889) of Mr. Benjamin Elgar, late of Saint Thomas-street, Lymington, Hants, who died on March 28 last, was proved on Dec. 11 by Mrs. Charlotte Torah, the sole executrix, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £97,000. The testator leaves £300 to the South Hants Infirmary; £200 each to the Society for the Prevention of Vivisection (London), the Lymington Branch of the Salvation Army, and the London and South-Western Railway for the fund for injured employes; £200 to Anna Maria Torah; and the residue of his real and personal estate to the said Mrs. Charlotte Torah, absolutely.

The will (dated Jan. 30, 1888), with a codicil (dated Nov. 26, 1889), of Mr. Daniel Adamson, the leading promoter of the Manchester Ship Canal, late of The Towers, Didsbury, Lancashire, and of Dukinfield, Cheshire, who died on Jan. 13, was proved at the Manchester District Registry on Nov. 17 by Mrs. Mary Adamson, the widow, Joseph Leigh, William Joseph Parkyn, and John Alexander Hunt, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £54,000. The testator bequeaths £250 to the Dukinfield Village Library and Astley Institute; £500, his wines and consumable stores, horses and carriages, hothouse and greenhouse plants and gardening implements, to his wife; the use and occupation of his residence, The Towers, with the household furniture and effects, and £2500 per annum, to his wife, for life; a conditional legacy of £3500 to his son-in-law, Mr. W. J. Parkyn; and legacies and annuities to daughters, grandsons, sisters, nephews, executors, and servants. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his daughters, Mrs. Alice Ann Leigh and Mrs. Lavinia Parkyn, equally. Power is given to Mr. Parkyn to purchase his engineering works and iron and brass foundries at Dukinfield, with the land, premises, fixtures, plant, &c., but he is not to be charged anything for the goodwill.

Letters of administration of the personal estate of Mrs. Sophia Elizabeth Elam, late of 33, Sackville-street, Piccadilly, who died on Nov. 1 last, a widow and intestate, were granted on Nov. 28 to Thomas Henry Elam and Arthur William Elam, the sons and only next-of-kin, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £52,000.

The will (dated Dec. 4, 1886), with a codicil (dated June 28, 1890), of the Rev. Thomas Ryle Smyth, late of Llanstephan House, East Teignmouth, Devon, who died on Sept. 12 last, was proved on Dec. 10 by Edward Harold Morris and John Ryle Morris, the nephews, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £49,000. The testator bequeaths £100 each to the Church Missionary Society, the British and Foreign Bible Society, the Church Pastoral Aid Society, the Colonial and Continental Church Society, the Bristol Royal Infirmary, the Bristol General Hospital, the Teignmouth Infirmary and Convalescent Home, the Western Counties Idiot Asylum, Starcross, and the Exeter Infirmary; £50 each to the West Teignmouth Temperance Hall and the West Teignmouth Sailors' Home; £25 to the churchwardens of East Teignmouth, for distribution among the poor; £6000 to his half-sister, Emily Theophila Smyth; £4000 to his niece Julia Vaughan; £2500 each to his nieces Maria Prickard and Emily Harris; £2000 to his niece Frances Schomberg; £1500 each to his nephews Edward Harold Morris and John Ryle Morris; £1000 to his nephew Charles Smyth Morris; £1000 and an annuity of £30 to his housekeeper, Elizabeth Caswell; and numerous bequests to his own and his late wife's relatives and others. His two farms at Sutton, Macclesfield, Cheshire, and all other his real estate, if any, he devises to his said nephew John Ryle Morris. The residue of his property he leaves to his nephews the said Edward Harold Morris and John Ryle Morris, and his niece and goddaughter Julia Vaughan.

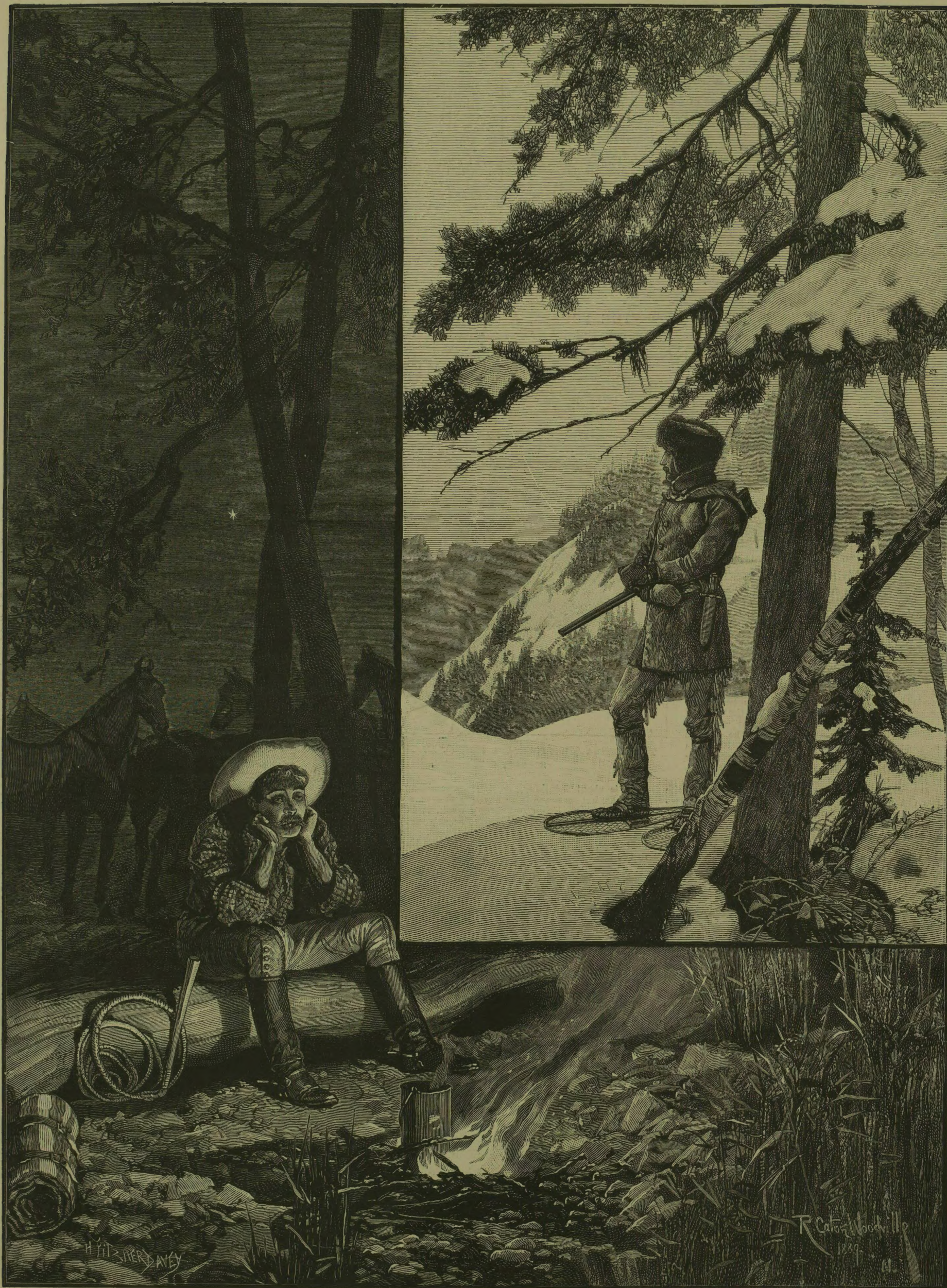
The will (dated Sept. 28, 1888) of Mr. James Allanson, late of 81, Camberwell New-road, who died on Oct. 29 last, was proved on Dec. 10 by James John Allanson, the son, and Miss Ann Teresa Allanson, the daughter, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £38,000. The testator gives his leasehold residence, with the furniture and effects (except plate), equally between his daughters Ann Teresa and Mary Elizabeth; and the residue of his property to his son, James John, and his said two daughters, in equal shares.

The will (dated May 11, 1889) of Mr. Edward Hailstone, J.P., late of Walton Hall, Sandal Magna, Yorkshire, who died on March 24 last, was proved on Dec. 9 by Arthur Hailstone and the Rev. Samuel Hailstone, the nephews, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £33,000. The testator bequeaths his collection of manuscripts, books, prints, engravings, photographs, and portraits, distinguished as his Yorkshire library, to the Dean and Chapter of the Cathedral Church of St. Peter, York, to be kept separate from their library, as the Hailstone Yorkshire Library; £100 to his daughter Etheldreda Lila Carter, and he makes no further provision for her, as she is well provided for under his marriage settlement; £500 each to his nieces, Mary Hailstone and Alice Hitchcock; £1000 each to his nephews Edward, Walter, Herbert, and Arthur Hailstone; and numerous legacies to friends and servants. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to his nephew the said Rev. Samuel Hailstone.

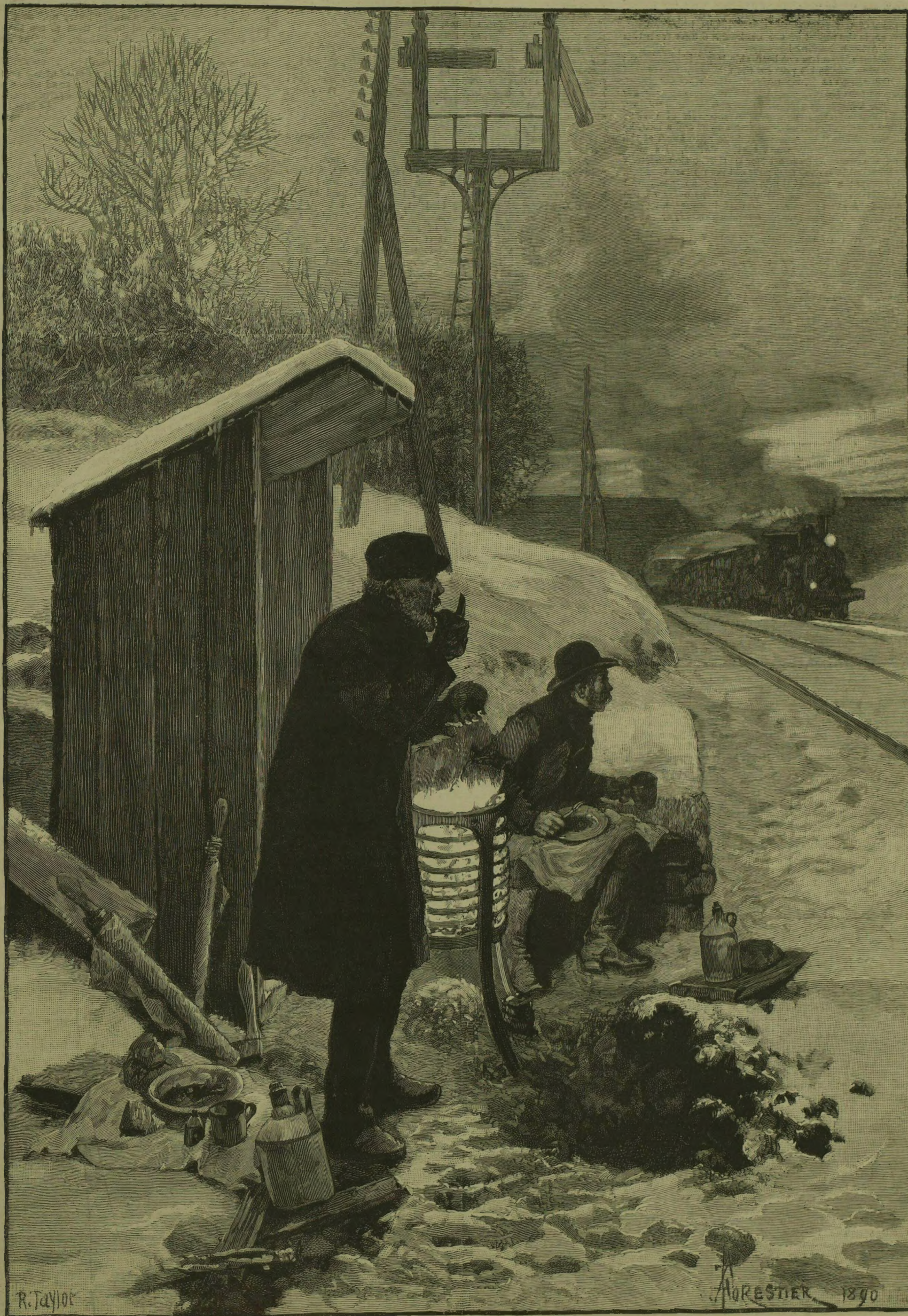
The will (dated March 14, 1890) of Mrs. Harriet Bolckow, late of 33, Princes-gate, South Kensington, who died on Aug. 15 last, was proved on Dec. 10 by James Cholmeley Russell, Miss Frances Penelope Russell, and Carl Ferdinand Henry Bolckow, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £29,000. The testatrix bequeaths certain gold and silver ornaments, jewellery, lace, and other articles, the particulars of which are specified in two lists, to the trustees of the South Kensington Museum, on condition that they are exhibited in a glass case in the said museum, and she directs the legacy duty thereon to be paid out of her general estate; her collection of coins with the cabinet to Maximilian Bolckow of Schwerin; the remainder of her jewellery and lace, and her postage and autograph collections, portraits, medals, and other articles, to go and devolve as heirlooms with the articles made heirlooms under the will of her late husband, Henry William Ferdinand Bolckow; £500 each to Henrietta Deane and Frances Penelope Russell; £200 to James Cholmeley Russell; £100 each to Agnes Charlotte Hutchinson and Harriet Caroline Hopkins; and legacies and annuities to servants and others. The residue of her real and personal estate she gives to Harriet Mary Wilhelmina Bolckow and Caroline Bolckow, the daughters of the said Carl Ferdinand Henry Bolckow.

Suppressed United Ireland has been issued in Dublin with a new title—*The Insuperable*.

For the purpose of perpetuating the fame of Captain John Smith, founder of Virginia, United States, a citizen of St. Sepulchre's, City, whose remains are interred in the parish church, the vestry intend to erect a memorial near the spot where it is believed he was buried.



CHRISTMAS MORNING IN THE COLONIES—AUSTRALIA AND CANADA.



THE SIGNALMAN'S CHRISTMAS DINNER ON THE RAILWAY LINE.

A RAILWAY SIGNALMAN'S CHRISTMAS DINNER.

Seated in a comfortable well-warmed dining-room, at the table laden with a grand Norfolk turkey, a ham perhaps, and the accustomed vegetables, condiments, and wines, fitly placed on the sweet white table-cloth, and surrounded with the glitter of silver and cut-glass, with tasteful decorations, and with pleasant faces of the family and their friends, how different, to some of us, is the aspect of the Christmas dinner from this scene in our Artist's drawing!

The signalman, who has not been able to get his Christmas holiday this year, was at his post for the first morning train at 5.25 a.m., and will be at it, we understand, until the 11.8 p.m. night down express from London has rushed without stopping past this lonely station. His labours indeed are not unremitting, but at fixed times of the long day, with intervals of various length, from twenty minutes or less to an hour and a half, he must pull one cord or another, directing the switchman of the rails and warning all the servants of the station. He must be ever on the watch, alert to execute the station-master's bidding, and should—unlike that poor old man near Taunton, who had suffered a loss of brain-power by an accidental tumble—retain in perfect remembrance all the order of the regular trains. A single error, as in that instance, may cost several passengers' lives and many severe contusions or broken limbs.

We regard this comparatively humble servant of the great railway system as one of the most useful and respectable of public officials. Our hearty sympathy attends his solitary repast, which is furnished, let us hope, with two or three extra luxuries, but which he must consume amid the chill snows of December, apart from his wife and children, keeping a wary eye on the movements of a train now leaving the station. He may presently repose awhile in his box, and enjoy the glow of his big fire—the Company will not grudge him plenty of coal—but he will not yield to slumber. Is it the kind-hearted old station-master, with his own meal, who has stepped out to eat in company, cheering this good fellow by some words of friendly talk? If so, the little act of manly brotherhood, sharing as they do, in different official grades, the responsibility for the safety of the trains, will not be forgotten in case of a possible disaster, for which no man at this station can be justly blamed.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

I felt certain that "Jane" would turn out to be a bright, clever, and entertaining young person when I heard her so badly spoken of before she appeared on the scene. They one and all gave the "young person" a bad character. The previous condemnation of actors and actresses is, according to my experience, the surest prophecy of success. When the company roars at a reading, when they laugh or cry so much at rehearsal that they cannot conveniently get on with their work, when people nudge one another in corners and tell us of the fun or amusement in store for us, then look out for a complete and thorough "frost." Nobody had one good word to bestow on poor "Jane." People who are always so wise before the event wondered how Mr. Charles Hawtreys could have accepted such a play. "A foolish story, and not a good line in it"—that was the actors' verdict when they had rehearsed the play. And, behold! the despised "Jane" turns out to be as funny a little play as the patrons of the Comedy Theatre would desire to see. The subject is not exactly new, and some of the lines, suggestions, and allusions cause many of the ladies to hide their faces behind their fans or conveniently to look the other way; but that "Jane" will become popular "there can be no possible doubt, no possible, probable doubt, no possible doubt whatever."

After Mr. Brookfield, a long-faced and lugubrious valet, has announced that he has just come from the registry office, where he has been united in the bonds of matrimony to Miss Lottie Venne, the smartest of parlour-maids—a marriage that is to be kept quite in the dark because their young bachelor master hates married servants, who should come in but the young master in question? Mr. Charles Hawtreys is the impecunious master, and he is a past master in the art of shameless mendacity. His whole life has been one long lie. He is what the French call "un menteur à triple étage." Cagliostro is a joke to him. He has lied through thick and thin to his good-natured guardian, representing not only that he is married and been cursed with inconvenient children, but that his pecuniary embarrassments are due to the extravagance of his better half.

The announcement that the good-natured guardian is coming to London to investigate the complaint himself brings matters to a climax. A wife must be procured by hook or by crook, and on the instant. The youth's fiancée indignantly refuses to "make believe at matrimony." An acid old spinster would accept the offer, but the youth hesitates. His "gorge rises at her." So the choice falls on Jane, the parlour-maid—my "pretty Jane"—the newly and secretly married Jane. Then the fun begins. Anyone can imagine Miss Lottie Venne as the promoted parlour-maid, dressed up "like a dog at a fair"; Mr. Charles Hawtreys as the mealy-mouthed mendacious one; Mr. Charles Brookfield as the wretched valet who sees his Jane kissed before his very eyes on his wedding-day; and Mr. Kemble as the amiable old guardian who is not indifferent to a spree. They are one and all seen at their very best, and, if Jane's conduct causes prudish people to make rather long faces, her antics will exactly suit the play-going society, that consists mainly of what the younger Dumas once called the "pêches à quinze sous." The speckled peaches will not mind Jane or her suggestiveness. In fact, they will take her to their arms with delight. Here is one more example of a workmanlike play written by actors. Both Mr. Harry Nicholls and Mr. W. Lestocq know their business. They are not amateurs at their work, or sorry bunglers. They are deft and clever dramatic carpenters.

For the Empire Theatre, Mdme. Katti Lanner has invented a ballet that is sure to give pleasure. It is called "Dolly," and it means exactly what it says. The toys of the children become animated, the dolls dance, the humming-tops spin, and the old idea of Hans Christian Andersen is duly carried out on the stage. The idea is, of course, not new, but it is none the worse on that account, and it is needless to add that the new Christmas ballet has been placed on the stage regardless of expense. Signorina Emma Palladino and Signorina Bettina de Sortis are the chief dancers, and M. Wenzel has composed very appropriate music. It is not likely that even the freedom of the age would suggest that children home for the holidays should be taken to the Empire in the evening, but this particular ballet has so much in it that will delight the little ones that, no doubt, the directors will arrange some afternoon performances specially for children and their parents and guardians.

How the children ought to crowd round good Mr. Savile Clarke and kind Mr. Walter Slaughter, and give them three cheers, and one cheer more, and vote them both "jolly good fellows," for telling them such an admirable Christmas story! And what might that Christmas story be? you will ask.

Well, the best of them; the one that has outlasted many a Yuletide legend; the very story that one William Makepeace Thackeray wrote for a dear little sick girl many years ago in the ancient city of Rome. Why, even that is a romance in itself! Once upon a time there was a great American sculptor who lived in Rome. His name was Storey—but that has nothing to do with my romance. The great artist's little girl was ill in bed in Rome at Christmas-time. She was far away from home, and in Rome at Christmas-time there was no snow, or mistletoe, or holly, or pantomime, and the little girl was very sad because, like all good little girls, she was imaginative and loved Christmas. And, as it happened, a great English novelist happened to be at Rome that Christmas, an English writer who loved children and good little girls, so he wrote her a fairy story, and read it to her, chapter by chapter, as she lay ill in bed, and it made her laugh, and the roses came to her cheeks, and she got well again, and she kissed the good story-teller for his kindness to the sick little girl. And that was the story of the origin of Thackeray's "Rose and the Ring."

And now that Mr. Savile Clarke has told Thackeray's "fireside pantomime" so admirably for the stage, all the world is wondering why it was never done before? No greater compliment than that could have been paid to Mr. Savile Clarke, and a "little bird" tells me that when the curtain fell Mrs. Ritchie, Thackeray's clever daughter, the famous author of "The Story of Elizabeth," sent for Mr. Savile Clarke, and told him that if her dear father had been alive he would not have wished it to be better done. That was a compliment to be proud of, for, as we all know, great authors are very sensitive, and don't always take kindly to the dramatists who introduce them to the stage. Of course Thackeray left behind him a very strong idea of the manner in which he wanted his characters to look and to dress, for he illustrated his book with those queer pictures of his. These instructions have been literally followed. Mr. John le Hay, as Bulbo, Prince of Crim Tartary, might have stepped out of the pages of the book; and so might Mr. Harry Monkhouse, as King of Paflogonia, and Madame Amadi, as Countess Gruffanuff. But no one can find fault with Mr. Savile Clarke for leaving out any of the familiar characters. We see the Fairy Blackstick and Polly the child, and the children will roar with laughter when Jenkins Gruffanuff, the Hall Porter, is, for his impertinence to a very official fairy, turned into a door-knocker, and there hangs suspended until the fairy releases him from this uncomfortable spell. The two little Bowman children, who personate the Fairy and Polly the child, are simply delightful. Miss Isa Bowman is a young lady in her "teens," and little Empsie Bowman has not arrived yet at that period of girl dignity. Miss Isa speaks her lines to perfection, naturally, earnestly, and with great refinement and distinction, and the tiny Empsie has a rare sense of fun, and gives no sign of the "parrotting" and wearisome "self-consciousness" of stage children. Polly's first song, "Pooty very Pooty you," was heartily encored, and her walk round as a general officer in the second act to inspect the Liliputian army was "immense."

The author stands indebted to several members of the company for just the kind of comic acting that this delicate subject required. Both Mr. Harry Monkhouse and Mr. John le Hay were exactly right—funny, but never exaggerated. But perhaps the most genuine touch of comedy came from Madame Amadi, whose services as Countess Gruffanuff were simply invaluable. We tremble to think what would have become of the play had this part not been understood. Another double bit of genuine comic acting came from Mr. Tom Shale, who appeared as the Court painter in Act I, and as Court Spinachi in Act II.

But the "Rose and the Ring" gives us pretty music as well as an amusing story. Full justice is done to the delightful melodies and the concerted pieces of Mr. Walter Slaughter, who has done full justice to the singable lyrics of Mr. Savile Clarke. Miss Violet Cameron, looking extremely handsome, and with a voice and singing style wonderfully improved, was an ideal Prince Giglio; while a brighter and prettier Betsonda could not be found than Miss Attalie Claire. In fact, Prince and Princess were quite a picture, as old ladies say. Miss Ada Dorée and Miss Maud Holland completed a cast that could scarcely be improved upon. There will be no pantomime or burlesque this year more magnificently placed on the stage than the "Rose and the Ring." Mr. Horace Sedger and Mr. Augustus Harris have left no stone unturned to make the children's play succeed, while Mr. Charles Harris has done wonders with the stage arrangements and spectacular effects.

C. S.

The Channel Tunnel Company, meeting on Dec. 18 under the presidency of Sir Edward Watkin, approved a Bill to authorise the maintenance and continuance of the experimental works for a tunnel beneath the Straits of Dover.

The annual distribution of prizes to the students of the Royal Female School of Art was made on Dec. 16 at Mercers' Hall, Cheapside. The Duchess of Rutland, who distributed the prizes to the successful competitors, delivered a brief address to the students, in the course of which she extolled the general excellence of their drawings, and dwelt on the dignity of their work. The chief recipients of the awards were: Alice Mabel Hoke and Rosie Cordelia Whiteside (the National Gilchrist Scholarships of £50), Harriot Dunnell (the Atkinson Scholarship of £25), Alice Langford (the Cloth-workers' Scholarship of £50), Ida Marion Kirkpatrick (the Queen's Scholarship of £60), and Helena Evans (the Queen's gold medal).

The annual meeting of the council of the Curates' Augmentation Fund for the purpose of apportioning grants was held on Dec. 17 at the society's office, 2, Dean's-yard, S.W. The secretary stated that twenty-seven vacancies had occurred during the past year, through preferments and deaths, and it was resolved to fill up these out of the list of new applicants. There was a large number of applications, but the council, from want of sufficient funds, were reluctantly compelled to postpone till another year the majority of them, though they were very strongly recommended by their respective referees. The society voted grants to curates of upwards of fifteen years' standing amounting to nearly £7500. Increased income, to meet other strong cases, is urgently needed.

The eleventh annual *Truth* Toy Exhibition for the children in London hospitals, workhouses, and infirmaries was held at the Grosvenor Gallery, Bond-street, on Dec. 19 and 20. There are over 22,000 children in these institutions, and each of them has a separate toy, besides the large and more expensive toys which are presented for the general use of the inmates. A special feature of the show was the dolls dressed by lady readers of *Truth*. Several special donations in connection with the fund have been made, the principal of which is that of 10,200 new sixpences sent for distribution by the same liberal donor who has given a similar present on former occasions; while Mr. Tom Smith has had specially made, and has forwarded for distribution, over 22,000 crackers; and Mr. Horniman (as stated in our last issue) has given to the adults in hospitals and workhouses 1200 packets of tea, to be given to them as Christmas boxes.

CHRISTMAS AT THE THEATRES.

(See our Double-Page Illustration.)

Christmas, if there be any meaning in the word as applied to England, means Christmas at the play! After the roast beef and turkey, the plum-pudding and the mince-pies, the forfeits and the snapdragon, the mistletoe and the kisses, comes the theatre, in which young and old delight. The little folks who are home for the holidays must "hurry up," as the expressive phrase goes, if they would be in time to see that admirable and comic actor Mr. Willie Edouin, in "Our Flat," at the Strand (1). This comical piece, which was rather snubbed when it was brought out originally at a matinée, has had a run nearly equal to that of "Our Boys" at the Vaudeville. It is the work of a lady, Mrs. Musgrave; and who shall say that women are not funny, and cannot write farces, after the success of "Our Flat"? The best scene in the play is where a clever woman, at her wits' ends what to do when all the household furniture has been seized by the brokers, improvises a sitting-room suite out of baths, flour-barrels, tressels, and Liberty stuffs.

Christmas is the time for spectacle. The eye must be pleased nowadays as well as the imagination. This being the case, it is just as well to go and see Mrs. Langtry as Cleopatra (2) in the gorgeous revival of the "Antony and Cleopatra" of Shakespeare, at the Princess's, as to one of the ordinary procession and ballet theatres where poetry is never heard of. Although the children will not understand much about the old Egyptian and Roman story, they will be pleased to see ancient history so beautifully illustrated as it has been by the Hon. Lewis Wingfield; and Mrs. Langtry is just now especially the children's friend, for she gave the poor little waifs and strays a great treat on the stage of the Princess's Theatre on Christmas Eve.

Mr. Beerbohm Tree, the energetic manager of the Haymarket, and, at the same time, the versatile actor, is seen at his best as Macari, the Italian adventurer and murderer in the play entitled "Called Back" (3), a clever dramatic version of Hugh Conway's novel, by Mr. J. Comyns Carr. The play has been vastly improved since it was first produced at the Prince of Wales's Theatre, and such as are not sufficiently "superfine" as to detest melodrama, and who are sensible enough not to sneer at a very good play, will certainly find one at the Haymarket whenever "Called Back" is announced.

Mr. Augustus Harris is now, in the matter of pantomime, "monarch of all he surveys." His right at Old Drury there is no one to dispute, and for the first time for very many years the only pantomime at the West-End will be at Drury-Lane, and called "Beauty and the Beast" (4). We shall see what we shall see on Boxing Night; but, meanwhile, those who are behind the scenes prepare us for a sight of unusual magnificence when the Palace scene is discovered.

There is no prettier play to be seen in London just now than "Sunlight and Shadow" (5), by Mr. R. C. Carton, the English romance that has so enhanced the reputation of Mr. George Alexander, who will soon migrate with it from the Avenue, where it has made such a success, to the St. James's, of which Mr. Alexander is to be the manager. This delightful idyl may be a little over the heads of the children, but it is just the play in which growing girls will delight and romantic young folks will enjoy. It is one of the proud boasts of England that she has theatres at which the innocent are made welcome. Here is one of them. "Sunlight and Shadow" is as pretty as a story by Miss Thackeray or a poem by Coventry Patmore. "Sweet Seventeen" will be delighted with it.

The lovers of good comic acting should not miss Mrs. John Wood in "The Cabinet Minister" (6), or Mr. Penley as "The Judge" (7). They are as amusing and as quaint as the caricatures they used to give us, when we were children, in "Twelfth-night Characters." I wonder, often, why that good old custom of drawing characters on Twelfth Night has fallen into disuse. We seldom hear now of "Twelfth Cakes" or "King and Queen."

Crowds will gather at the Adelphi door to see the hearty English play, by George R. Sims and Robert Buchanan, called "The English Rose" (8). It is an English title to an Irish story, and one of the best of the Adelphi series. Who would miss the excitement when Mr. Leonard Boyne gallops off on his thoroughbred to rescue his beloved Miss Olga Brandon? And it is no exaggeration to say that this is the most popular and best-written Irish play that has been seen at the Adelphi since the famous "Colleen Bawn" of Dion Boucicault.

Father Christmas himself will not be more popular with the playgoer than that delightful individual and now old friend Mr. Benjamin Goldfinch, the possessor of "A Pair of Spectacles" (9). He has geniality running in every vein, and good-nature in each pore of his skin. Forgiveness, charity, love, family feeling are all taught in this delightful play, and makes the very best and brightest of Christmas sermons. Mr. Sydney Grundy's play is the success of the dramatic season, and it well deserves its proud position at the top of the tree.

In a few days we shall once more see Miss Ellen Terry in her enchanting creation of Beatrice in Shakespeare's "Much Ado About Nothing" (10). The modern generation has seen no such Beatrice, and the spirit of Shakespeare must smile above her when he sees this merry and enchanting creature flit about the stage. And Mr. Henry Irving, as Benedick, is seen also at his very best in this play, which is one of the most splendid of all the famous Lyceum revivals.

The fur mantle of Charles Mathews has fallen on the shoulders of Charles Wyndham; and this truth was emphasised when he played Dazzle in "London Assurance" (11). The costumes worn on the present revival of Boucicault's famous comedy are eminently pretty and becoming, and are supposed to illustrate English costume at or about the year 1841. I doubt if anyone who was born in 1841 remembers ever to have seen man or woman so attired, but that matters very little. They make a pretty show, and the fashions set by our grandfathers and grandmothers are more becoming than those seen in the present day.

Those who love music must be attended to as well as those who are for the play and nothing but the play. The bright burlesque specially revised for Christmas at the Gaiety called "Carmen Up to Date" (12), the ever-popular "Gondoliers" (13), at the Savoy, as fresh and bright as when it was first produced, and the charming "La Cigale" (14), at the Lyric, one of the most successful comic operas ever produced, will compete with one another in popularity. Those who see one will probably see all three, and will feel it a hard matter to choose between them in awarding the prize of honour. And now, boys and girls, young men and maidens, and old folks into the bargain, *Valete et Plaudite!*

C. S.

A complimentary banquet to Lord Wenlock, on his appointment as Governor of Madras, was given on Dec. 18 in the De Grey Rooms, York. Lord Herries presided, and the company included about 150 noblemen and gentlemen.

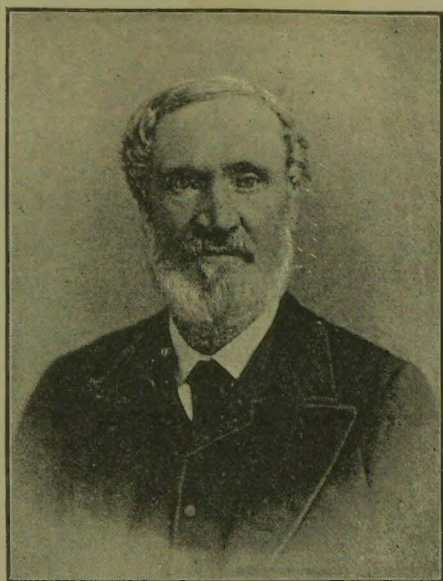
Mrs. Gascoigne, wife of Colonel Gascoigne of Parlington Park, near Leeds, has sent £500 to the Leeds Hospital for Women and Children, and similar sums to the Leeds Blind, Deaf, and Dumb Institute and the Cookridge Convalescent Hospital.

THE DUKE OF CLARENCE AND THE FREEMASONS.

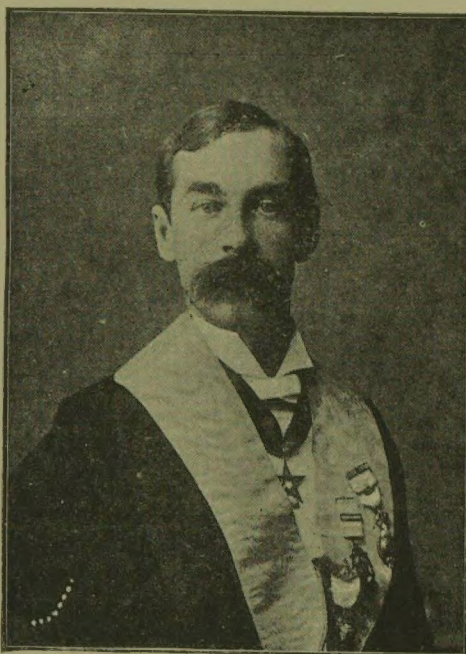
The Prince of Wales, as Grand Master of the Freemasons of England, performed at Reading, on Dec. 15, the ceremony of installing his son, the Duke of Clarence, as Provincial Grand Master of Berkshire. Grand Lodge was held in Reading Town-hall, to which their Royal Highnesses were conducted by the Mayor and Corporation. Entering the Lodge, the Prince of Wales was supported by his Masonic brethren, the Earl of Lathom, and his natural brother the Duke of Connaught, and by the Grand Officers for the year. All prescribed formalities being duly observed, it was announced that the Duke of Clarence, the Provincial Grand Master Designate, sought admission. Then his father, as Grand Master, directed that he should send in his patent. Sir Albert W. Woods, Grand Director of Ceremonies, left the Lodge, returning with the patent, which was examined by the Grand Master. Seven Past Masters were directed to conduct the Provincial Grand Master Designate into the Lodge. The young Prince was received with due honours. The patent was read, the Grand Chapter offered prayer, and the Grand Master recited the obligation of a Provincial Grand Master, which was repeated by the Duke of Clarence.

The young Prince then ascended the steps of the dais, when he was invested with the apron, chain, and jewel of his office, carefully adjusted by the Grand Master. The Prince of Wales took him by the hand and placed him in the chair which he had previously occupied, taking himself the lower seat on the Duke of Clarence's left hand. The Provincial Grand Master, thus duly installed, was proclaimed and duly saluted "by seven." The Duke of Clarence then nominated Brother T. J. Morland as Deputy Grand Master, his patent for this being read by the Provincial Grand Secretary. The Deputy Grand Master was duly installed by the Provincial Grand Master, after which this officer was saluted "by five." The collars of the Province were bestowed. Brother his Royal Highness the Duke of Clarence closed the Lodge after ancient form; the Grand and Provincial officers left in procession.

The banquet took place in a large room on the extensive premises of Messrs. Sutton and Sons, seedsmen to her Majesty the Queen, where Mr. Martin Hope Sutton received the Prince of Wales and the distinguished company. The banqueting-hall was beautifully decorated. At the entrance were the Royal arms, palms and evergreen shrubs, with a bordering of red cyclamen (Vulcan) and white cyclamen (Butterfly), embanked in moss. The length of passages was decorated *en suite*, the lighting being very effective and varied, consisting of electric, gas, and oil lamps. The prevailing colours, besides the green of the foliage, were red and white; there were also introduced crimson tulips and the red berry of the solanum, relieved by well-bloomed ericas. In the centre of the raised platform in the banqueting-room was a canopy, under which the Royal visitors sat. There was a long cross table and fifteen others, accommodating eight or nine hundred guests. The room, usually used for farm-seeds, had been artificially decorated. All round were curtains, and the windows were filled with flowers; the roof was covered with red, white, and blue stripes; shields and trophies were arranged in every suitable point. Special lights were introduced, making the scene brilliant. In the banqueting-hall, as in the entrance, the "leading idea" was red and white; a beautiful effect was produced with white primulas and red cyclamen. In front of the Grand Master was a margin of fern-leaved primulas, not in flower, and a bed of cyclamen and primulas in full bloom. Similar plants were grouped on the tables. The upholsterers were Messrs. Heelas, Sons, and Co., of Reading.



MR. MARTIN HOPE SUTTON, OF READING.

MR. J. W. MARTIN,
PROVINCIAL GRAND SECRETARY, BERKSHIRE.

MR. PARNELL IN KILKENNY.

The election for the North Division of the county of Kilkenny—or "County Kilkenny," as they say in Ireland—has displayed, up to the polling-day, Monday, Dec. 22, exciting scenes of fierce party spirit, with some outrageous acts of ruffianly violence, which Unionists, for the credit of our Parliamentary representative system, and Home Rulers, for the claims of Ireland to a separate Parliament, must equally deplore.

This contest, however, was not one between Home Rulers and Unionists, but lay between the two hostile sections of Irish Home Rulers—namely, the Parnellites, whose candidate was Mr. Vincent Scully; and those who have formed a new political association, presided over by Mr. Justin McCarthy, in consequence of notorious differences of opinion with reference to maintaining the alliance with Mr. Gladstone and the English Liberal Party. The candidate of the latter section of Irish Home Rulers was Sir John Pope Hennessy, who formerly sat in the House of Commons, but who has since held appointments in the Colonial administration.

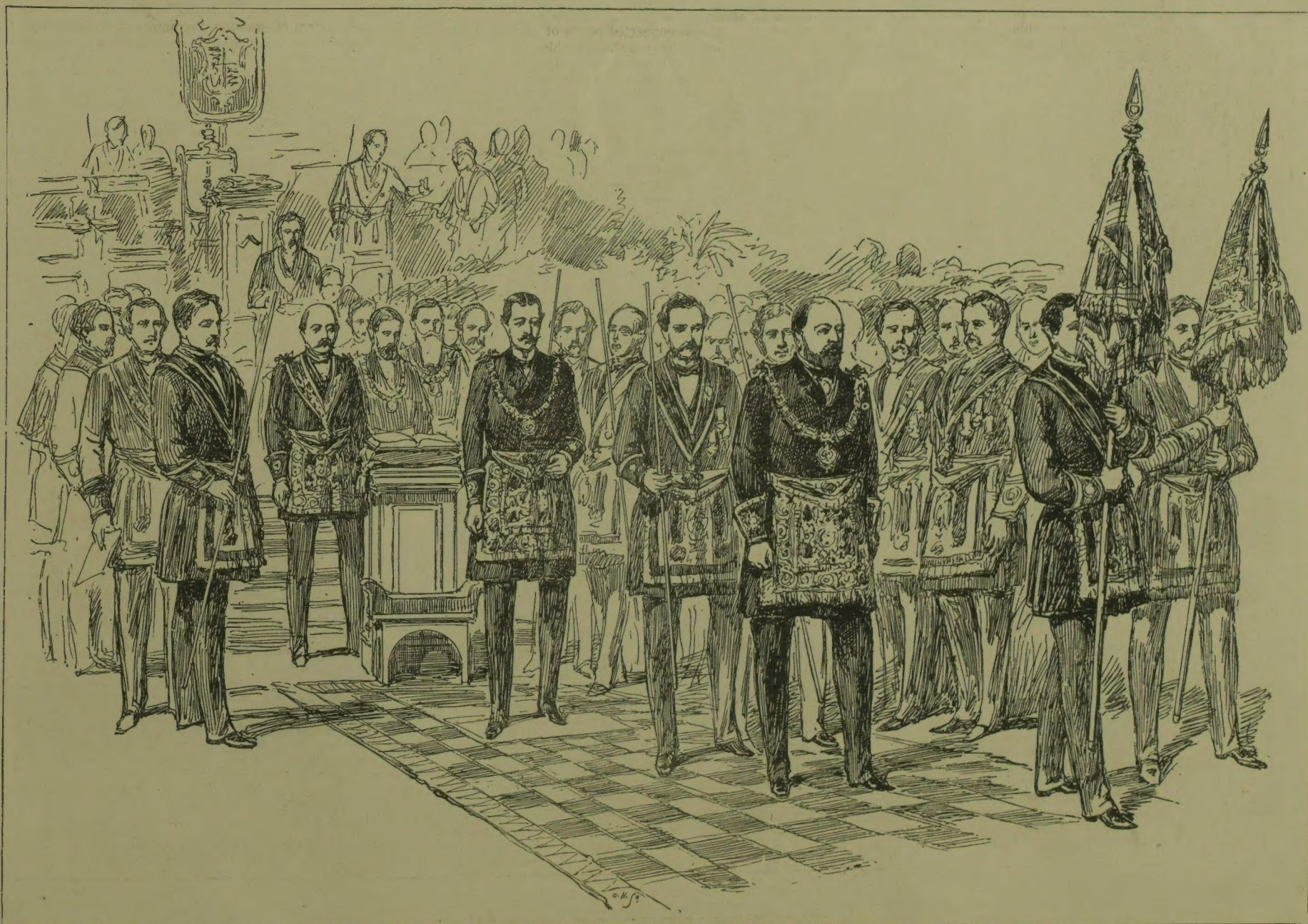
Kilkenny is an inland county of the Province of Leinster, situated between Queen's County to the north, Carlow and Wexford to the east, Tipperary to the west, and Waterford to the south; its extent is forty-six miles from north to south, and twenty-four miles from west to east; its whole population is about 100,000, all English-speaking folk. The chief town is Kilkenny, with a population of 12,299; the other "towns," such as Callan, Castlecomer, Thomastown, Ballyragget, Johnstown, Urlingford, and Freshford, are of the size of English villages. The North Division, returning one member to Parliament, has 5413 registered electors.

Mr. Parnell, with Mr. E. Harrington, Mr. John Redmond, Mr. Richard Power, and one or two other members of the Irish National League, was actively supporting Mr. Vincent Scully, from Dec. 12 to the polling-day, speaking many times at different places. The nomination took place on Monday, Dec. 15, at the town of Kilkenny. We are ashamed to mention the furious riot at Castlecomer, where a meeting was interrupted by savage fighting with sticks, in the old Irish fashion, and Mr. Parnell was temporarily blinded with lime thrown into his eyes. Surgical aid was necessary, and he was advised not to go out again till the right eye should be healed. Nevertheless, on Thursday, Dec. 18, he drove with Mr. Vincent Scully, in a closed carriage, to Goresbridge, wearing a bandage over the eye, with a shawl about his head and shoulders. He there entered a cottage, from which he was led to the brake which had conveyed Mr. James O'Kelly, Mr. Redmond, Father Ryan, and others to Goresbridge. Mounting the seat of his vehicle, he made a speech to about a thousand people on the village green.

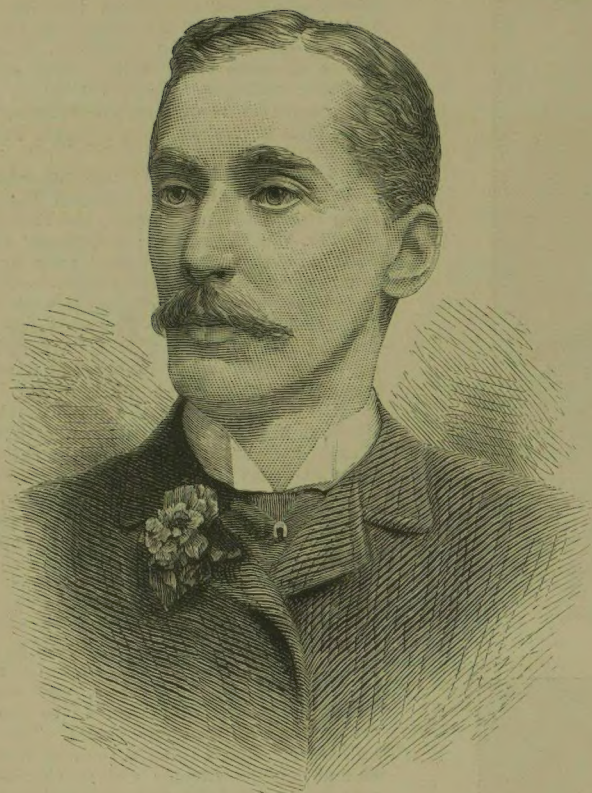
The Portrait of Mr. Martin Hope Sutton, and that of Mr. J. W. Martin, Provincial Grand Secretary of the Berkshire Freemasons, are from photographs by Mr. Sydney Victor White, of Reading.

Mr. Wootton Isaacson has given £70 for the purpose of providing Christmas dinners at home for the very poor in the Stepney district, and has also provided a Christmas tea for the children of the largest and poorest Board school in the district.

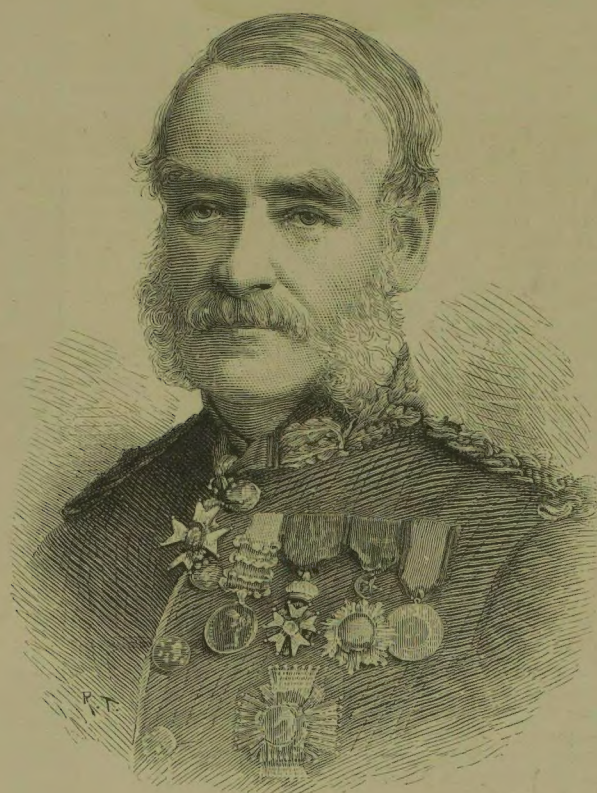
The sentence of twenty years' penal servitude on the ex-soldier Hargan, who was convicted of the manslaughter of two men at Kingsland, and with respect to which a very large number of petitions, influentially signed, had been presented to the Home Office, has been commuted to twelve months' imprisonment with hard labour.



THE DUKE OF CLARENCE INSTALLED AT READING AS PROVINCIAL GRAND MASTER OF BERKSHIRE FREEMASONS.



SIR F. MILNER, BART.,
M.P. FOR THE BASSETLAW DIVISION OF NOTTINGHAMSHIRE.



THE LATE GENERAL SIR EDMUND WHITMORE, K.C.B.,
FORMERLY MILITARY SECRETARY TO THE COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF.

SIR FREDERICK MILNER, BART., M.P.

The election for the Bassetlaw Division of Nottinghamshire resulted in the return of Sir F. Milner, the Conservative candidate, by 4381 votes, against 3653 for Mr. J. W. Mellor, Q.C., the Gladstonian candidate. Sir Frederick George Milner of Nun Appleton, Yorkshire, is son of Sir William Milner, the fifth Baronet, of Nun Appleton, by his marriage with Lady Anne Georgina Savile-Lumley, sister of the Earl of Scarborough. He was born in 1849, was educated at Eton and at Christ Church, Oxford, and is a magistrate and Deputy Lieutenant for the West Riding of Yorkshire. He succeeded to the title on the death of his elder brother in 1880. He is

not new to Parliament, as he represented the city of York from 1883 to 1885. He is married to Adeline Gertrude, daughter of the late Mr. William Beckett.

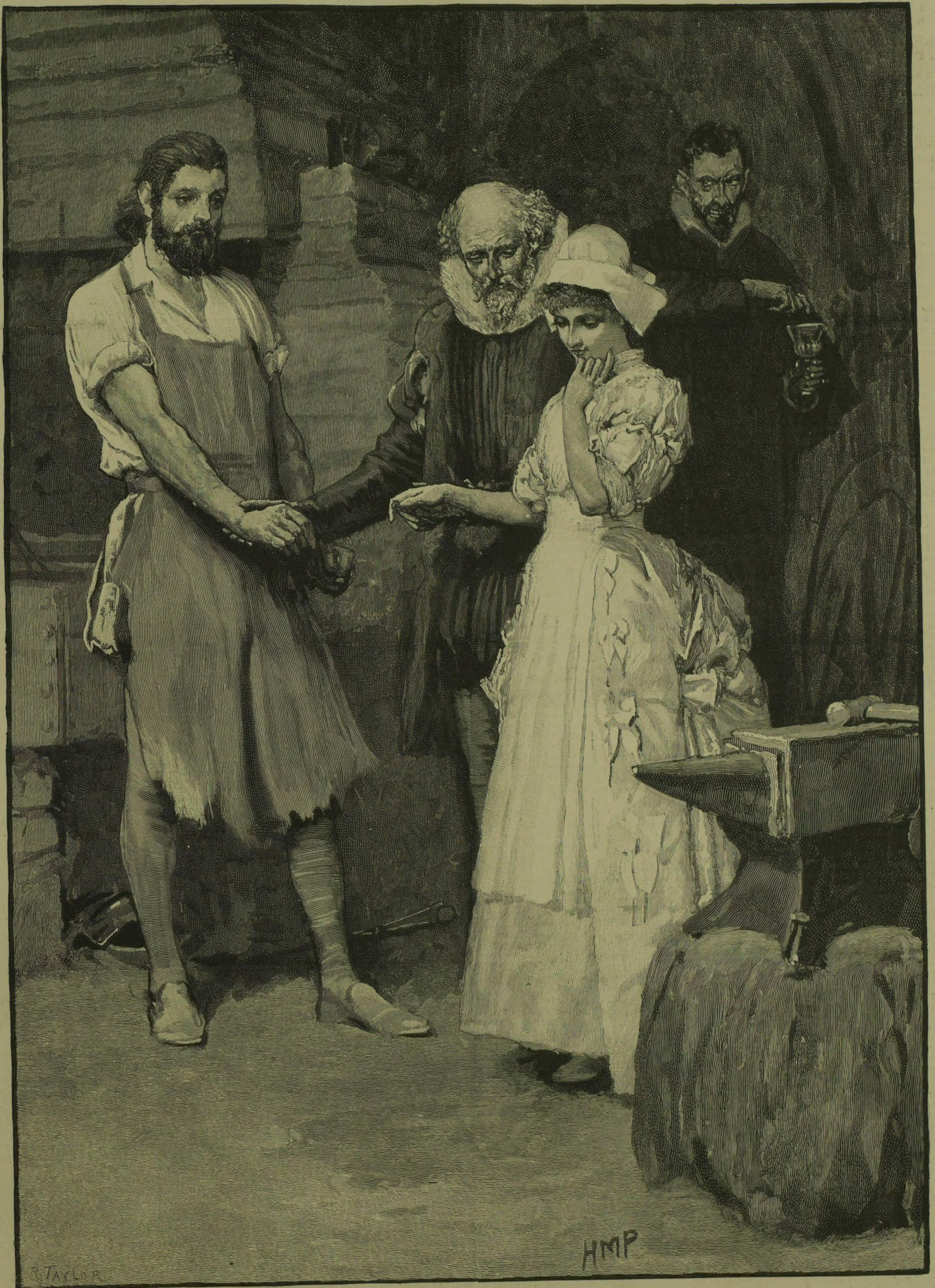
At a meeting of the Organising Committee of the Imperial Institute, on Dec. 17, the Prince of Wales, who presided, announced the appointment to the Committee of Sir Richard Temple, M.P., and Sir John Strachey. A donation of £20,000 from the Maharajah of Jeypore, and a vote of £1845 by the South Australian House of Assembly, towards the funds of the institute, were notified. The exhibition floor and the administrative offices will be ready for occupation next spring.

THE LATE GENERAL SIR E. WHITMORE.

General Sir Edmund Augustus Whitmore, K.C.B., who lately died, was son of the late General Sir George Whitmore, K.C.B., R.E. He was born in 1819. From 1854 to 1855 he served in the Crimean War as aide-de-camp to Sir G. Brown, and with the 30th Regiment. He was Military Secretary in Ireland from 1861 to 1865, Assistant Military Secretary in Jamaica in 1866, Assistant Adjutant-General at the War Office from 1866 to 1871 and from 1873 to 1874, Inspector-General of Recruiting 1876 to 1880, and Military Secretary to the Duke of Cambridge from 1880 to 1885. In 1889 he was appointed Colonel of the East Lancashire Regiment.



MR. PARNELL AT THE KILKENNY ELECTION.



DRAWN BY H. M. PAGET.

He joined our hands and gave us, in tones of love and gentleness, his blessing. Then back came the scoundrel Spaniard, his lean, hungry face all drawn and puckered with his wicked passions, and in his hand a silver bowl of wine.

"THE WONDERFUL ADVENTURES OF PHRA THE PHOENICIAN."—SEE NEXT PAGE.

NEW STORY

BY

W. CLARK RUSSELL.

In our Number for Jan. 3, being the first of a New Volume, will be commenced an Original Tale by W. CLARK RUSSELL, entitled "MY DANISH SWEETHEART: THE ROMANCE OF A MONTH"; with Illustrations by W. H. Overend.

THE WONDERFUL ADVENTURES OF PHRA THE PHENICIAN.

RETOLD BY EDWIN LESTER ARNOLD.

CHAPTER XXIV.

After that eventful episode just detailed, life ran smooth and uneventful for a time in the old manor-house. I had had enough to think of for many a day, and was inert and listless somehow. War, that had seemed so bright, had lost half its colour to me. Honour! and renown! Why, the green grass in the fields was not more fleeting, I began to think; and what use was it striving after conquests which another age undid, or attempting brave adventures whereof a later time recognised neither cause nor purpose? I was in a doleful mood, as you will see, and lay about on Faulkener's sunny, red-brick terraces for days together, reflecting in this idle fashion, or pressed my suit upon his daughter when other pastimes failed.

Now, this latter was a dangerous sport for one like me, and one whose fair opponent at the game had such a fine untaught instinct for it as Mistress Bess possessed. I began to speak soft things unto that lady's ear, as you may remember, like many another, for lack of better occupation, and because it seemed so discourteous to be indifferent to the sweet enticement of my friend, and then I took the gentle malady from her; and, growing worse than she had been, how could she do aught but sympathise? And so between us we eked the matter on in ample leisure, until that which was a pretty jest became at last very serious and sober earnest.

It was a strange wooing. I still worked in the forge, riveting, hammering, and piecing together the fragments of the scholar's shattered dream, and down the damsel would come at times into the grimy den and sit upon the forge-corner in her dainty country smock, twirling her ribboned points and laughing at me and my toil, as fresh and dainty among all that gloomy black litter round about as a ray of spring sunshine. I was so solitary and glum, how could I fail to be pleased in that dear presence? And one time I would hammer her a gleaming buckle or wristlet out of a nob of ancient silver, and it was sweet to see that country damsel's eagerness as, with flushed face and sparkling eyes, she bent over and watched the pretty toy shine and glitter and take form and shape under my cunning hammer. Or then again, perhaps, another day I would tell her, as though it were only hearsay, some wondrous old story of the ancient time, so full of light and colour and love as I could fill it, and that dear auditor would drink in every syllable with thirsty ears, and laugh and weep and fear and tremble just as I willed, the while I pointed my periods with my anvil irons, and danced my visionary puppets against the black shadows of that nether hall. Hoth! a good listener is a sweet solace to him whose heart is full! Those narratives did so engross us that often the forge went cold, and bar and rivet slumbered into blackness, while I stalked up and down that dingy cavern peopling it with such glowing forms and fancies as kept that dear untutored damsel spellbound; often the evening fell upon us so, and we had at last to steal shamefacedly across the courtyard to where the warm glow behind the lattices told us supper and the others waited.

There was small difference in these days. I hammered cheerful and I hammered dull, I hammered hopeful and I hammered melancholy, I hammered in tune to the merry prattle of that girl, and I hammered sad and solitary. And ever as I forged and welded by myself you may guess how I thought and speculated—thought of all the love that I had loved, and all the useless strife and ambition, and now hung over my blackening iron as the pain of ancient perplexities and disappointments beset me, and then anon laughed and beat new life into the glowing metal as the light of forgotten joys flashed for a moment on the fitful current of my mind. Ah! and again I forged hot and impetuous on my master's rods and rivets as the old pulse of battles and onset swelled in my veins—forged and hammered while the stream of such fancies bore me on—until, unwitting, the very molten stuff beneath my hands took form and fashion of my thoughts, and grew up into shining spear-heads and white blades until the phantasy in turn was passed, and I checked my fancies and saw, ashamed, the foolish work my busy hammer had fashioned, and sadly broke the spear-heads and snapped the blades, and came back with a sigh to meaner things.

My mind being thus full of all those wild adventures and wondrous exploits I had seen and shared, when, as I was strolling one idle morning down Faulkener's dusty museum corridor, and sampling as I went his precious tomes, that thing happened to which you owe this book. I dipped into his missals and vellums as I sauntered from shelf to shelf, and soon I found there was scarcely a page, scarcely a passage within their moth-eaten covers that did not touch me nearly, or set me thinking of something old and wonderful. There was not a page in all that fingered, scholar-marked library, it seemed to me, upon which I could not find something better or nearer to the shining truth to say than they had who wrote those cupboard histories and philosophies; and first I was only sad to see so much inaccurate set down, and then I fell to sighing, as I turned the leaves of quaint treatise and pedantic monkish diary, that they should write who knew so little, and I, who knew so much, should be so dumb. And thus vague fancies began to form within my mind, and, backed by the brooding memories strong within, began to egg me on to write myself! Jove! I had not touched a pen for many hundred years, and yet here was the budding hunger for expression rising strong within me, and I laughed and went over to old Faulkener's great oak table by the mullioned window, and took up his quill, and turned it here and there, and looked on both ends of it, then presently set it down with a shake of the head as a weapon past my wielding. I felt the texture of his vellums and peered into the depth of his inkpot, as though there were to see therein all those glowing facts and fancies that I yearned to draw therefrom. But it would not do; not even the challenge of those piled tomes, not even the handy

means to the end I coveted, could for a time break down my diffidence.

So I fell melancholy again, and wandered down that quaintly stocked museum library, gazing ruefully on each sad remnant of humanity, and thinking how quaint it was that I should come to dust my kinsmen's skulls and tabulate those grim old heads that had so often wagged in praise of me, then back again to the shelves, and pored and pondered over the many-authored books, until, by hap, my eyes lit upon a passage in an Eastern tale that was so pregnant with experience, so fine, it seemed to my mood, in fancy and philosophy, that it entranced me and fired my zeal to a point naught else had done.

The ancient Arabian narrator is telling how one came, in mid desert, upon a splendid, ruined city—a silent, unpeopled town of voiceless palaces and temples—and wandered on by empty street and fallen greatness until, in the stateliest court of a thousand stately palaces, he found an iron tablet, and on it was written these words:—

In the name of God, the Eternal, the Everlasting throughout all ages: in the name of God, who begetteth not, and who is not begotten, and unto whom there is none like; in the name of God, the Mighty and Powerful: in the name of the Living who dieth not. O thou who arrivest at this place, be admonished by the misfortunes and calamities that thou beholdest, and be not deceived by the world and its beauty, and its falsity and calumny, and its fallacy and finery; for it is a flatterer, a cheat, a traitor. Its things are borrowed, and it will take the loan from the borrower; and it is like the confused visions of the sleeper, and the dream of the dreamer. These are the characteristics of the world: confide not therefore in it, nor incline to it: for it will betray him who dependeth upon it, and who in his affairs relieth upon it. Fall not into its snares, nor cling to its skirts. For I possessed four thousand bay horses in a stable; and I married a thousand damsels, all daughters of Kings, high-bosomed virgins, like moons; and I was blessed with a thousand children; and I lived a thousand years, happy in mind and heart; and I amassed riches such as the Kings of the earth were unable to procure, and I imagined that my enjoyments would continue without failure. But I was not aware when there alighted among us the terminator of delights, the separator of companions, the desolator of abodes, the ravager of inhabited mansions, the destroyer of the great and the small, and the infants, and the children, and the mothers. We had resided in this place in security until the event decreed by the Lord of all creatures, the Lord of the heavens, and the Lord of the earths, befell us, and the thunder of the Manifest Truth assailed us, and there died of us every day two, till a great company of us had perished. So when I saw that destruction had entered our dwellings, and had alighted among us, and drowned us in the sea of deaths, I summoned a writer, and ordered him to write these verses and admonitions and lessons, and caused them to be engraved upon these doors and tablets and tombs. I had an army comprising a thousand thousand brides, composed of hardy men, with spears, and coats of mail and sharp swords, and strong arms; and I ordered them to clothe themselves with the long coats of mail, and to hang on the keen swords, and to place in rest the terrible lances, and mount the high-blooded horses. Then, when the event appointed by the Lord of all creatures, the Lord of the earth and the heavens, befell us, I said, O companies of troops and soldiers, can ye prevent that which hath befallen me from the Mighty King? But the soldiers and troops were unable to do so, and they said, How shall we contend against Him from whom none hath secluded, the Lord of the door that hath no doorkeeper? So I said, Bring to me the wealth! (And it was contained in a thousand pits, in each of which were a thousand hundred-weights of red gold, and in them were varieties of pearls and jewels, and there was the like quantity of white silver, with treasures such as the Kings of the earth were unable to procure.) And they did so; and when they had brought the wealth before me, I said to them, Can ye deliver me by means of all these riches, and purchase for me therewith one day during which I may remain alive? But they could not do so. They resigned themselves to destiny, and I submitted to God with patient endurance of fate and affliction, until he took my soul and made me to dwell in my grave. And if thou ask concerning my name, I am Koosh, the son of Sheddád, the son of 'Ad the Greater.

"Oh, well written!" I cried. "Well written, Koosh, the son of Sheddád, the son of 'Ad the Greater, well and wisely written, and also I will write, for I have much to tell, and I too may some day be as thou art!"

Thus was the beginning of this book. I got pen and ink and a volume of unwritten leaves forthwith, and carried them away to a lonely chamber in the thickness of a turret wall, a little forgotten cell some six poor feet across, and there solitary I have written, and still write, peopling by the flickering yellow lamp-light that stony niche with all the brilliant memories that I harbour, letting my recollection wander unshackled down the wondrous path that I have come, and step by step, by episodes of pain and pleasure, by wild adventure and strange mischance down, far down, from the ancient times I have brought you until now, when my ink is still wet upon the events of yesterday, and I cease for the moment.

This, then, is all that there is to say, all but one suggestive line. I and yonder fair damsel have plighted troth under the apple-trees out in her orchard! We have broken a ring, and she has one half of it and I have the other. To-morrow will we tell her father, and presently be married. 'Tis a right sweet and winsome maid, and together, hand in hand, we will rehabilitate this ancient pile, and dock that desert garden, and get us friends, and troops of curly-headed children, and lie and bask in the jolly sunshine of contentment—and so go hand and hand for ever down the pleasant ways of peaceful dalliance.

Jove!—my pen, and a few poor minutes more from the bottom dregs of life! It is over! all the long combat and turmoil, all the success and disappointment, all the hoping and fearing. That which I thought was a beginning turns out to be but an ending. My hand shakes as I write, my life throbs, and my blood is on fire within me; I am dying, friendless and alone as I have lived, dying in a niche in the wall with my great unfinished diary before me—and, with the grim briefness of my necessity, this is how it has happened.

I had wooed and won Elizabeth Faulkener, and, on the day after she had come down into the forge, as was her wont, sweet and virginal; and I was there at work, and took her into my arms; and, while we dallied thus, there entered on us the ancient scholar and the swart steward. Gods! that villain blanched and scowled to see us so till his swart face was whiter than the furnace ashes!

I took the maiden's hand, and boldly turning to her father told my love and its accomplishment, whereat she burst from me and threw herself upon his bosom, and, radiant with confusion, such a sweet country pearl as any Prince might well have stooped to raise, she pleaded for us.

Oh! a thousand thousand curses on that black fell shadow standing there behind her! The father, relenting, kissed the

fair white forehead of that winsome girl. He bid Emanuel bring at once a loving-cup, and, while that foul traitor reeled away to fetch it, he joined our hands and gave us, in tones of love and gentleness, his blessing.

Then back came the scoundrel Spaniard, his lean, hungry face all drawn and puckered with his wicked passions, and in his hand a silver bowl of wine. O Jove! how cruel it flames within me now! My sweet maid took it, and, rueful for the pain she had given black Emanuel, spoke fair and gentle, saying how we would ever stay his friends and do our best to prosper him. And even I, generous like a soldier, echoed her sweet words, telling that fell knave how, when the game was played and finished, even the worst rivals might meet once more in good comradeship. And so—while the mean Spanish hound, with cruel jaw dropped down and hands a-twitching at his side, turned from us—his tender mistress lifted the goblet to her lips and drank.

She drank, and because she was no courtly goblet-kissing dame, she drank full and honest, then passed the troth-cup to me—and I laughed and swept aside my Phrygian beard, and happy once more and successful, at the pink of my ambition, pledged those friendly two, pledged even yon black-hearted scoundrel scowling there in the shade, then poured all that sweet, rosy-tasting, love-cup of promise down my thirsty throat.

Gods! what was that at bottom of it? a pale, bitter white dreg. Oh! Jove, what was this? I dipped a finger in and tried it, while a dead hush fell upon us four. It was bitter, bitter as rue, cold, horrible, and biting. My fingers tightened slowly round the goblet stem. I looked at the sweet lady, and in a minute she was swaying to and fro in the pale light like a fair white column, and then her hands were pressed convulsively for a space upon her heart, while her knees trembled and her body shook, and then, all in an instant, she locked her fair fingers at arm's length above her head, and, with a long low wail of fear and anguish that shall haunt for ever that stony corridor, she staggered and dropped!

Down went the goblet, and I caught her as she fell; and there she lay, heaving a moment in my arms, then looked up and smiled at me—smiled for one happy second her own dear smile of love and sunshine—then shut her eyes, trembling a little, and presently lay still and pale upon my bosom—dead!

Fair, fair Elizabeth Faulkener!

I held her thus a space, and it was so still you could hear the gentle draught of the curling smoke filtering up the chimney, and the merry twitter of the swallows perched far above upon it. I held her so a space, then kissed her fiercely and tender once upon her smooth forehead, and gave the white girl to her father.

Then turned I to the steward, the bitter passion and the deadly drug surging together like molten lead within my veins. So turned I to him, and our eyes met—and for a moment we glared upon each other so still and grim that you could hear our hearts pulsing like iron hammers, and at every beat a long year of terror and shame seemed to flit across the ashy face of that coward Iberian: he withered and grew old, grew lean and haggard and pinched and bent in those few seconds I stared at him. Then, without taking an eye from his eyes, slowly my hand was outstretched and my sword was lifted from the anvil where I had thrown it. Slowly, slowly I drew the weapon from its sheath and raised it, and slowly that villain went back, staring grimly the while, like the dead man that he was, at the point. Then on a sudden he screamed like a rat in a gin, and turned and fled. And I was after him like the November wind after the dead leaves. And round and round the forge we ran, fear and bitter, bitter vengeance winging our heels; and round the anvil with its idle hammer and cold half-welded iron swept that savage race; round by where the pale father was bending over the soft dead form of his sweet country girl; round the ruined chaos of the great broken engine; round by the cobwebbed walls of that gloomy crypt; round by the clattering heaps of iron in a mad, wild frenzy we swept—and then the Spaniard fled to a little oaken wicket in the stony wall leading by many score of winding steps far out into the turrets above.

He tore the wicket open and slung up that stony staircase, and I was on his heels. Up the clattering stairs we raced—gods, how the fellow leapt and screamed!—and so we came in a minute out into the air again, out on to old Adam Faulkener's ancient roof, out all among his gargoyles and corbie steps, with the pleasant summer wind wafting the blue smoke of luncheon-time about us, and the courtyard flags far, far down below.

And there I set my teeth, and drew my sinews together, and wiped the cold sweat of death from off my forehead, and stilled the wild strong tremors that were shaking my iron fabric, and, lost in a reckless lust of vengeance, crouched to the spring that should have ended that villain.

He saw it, and back he went step by step, screaming at every pace, hideous and shrill; back step by step, with no eyes but for me; back until he was, unknowing, at the very verge of the roof; back again another pace—and then, Jove! a reel and a stagger, and he was gone, and, as I rushed forward and looked down, I saw him strike upon the parapets a hundred feet below and bound into the air, and fall and strike again, and spin like a wheel, and be now feet up and now head, and so, at last, crash, with a dull, heavy thud, a horrid lifeless thing, on the distant stones of that quiet courtyard!

It is over, and I in turn have time to laugh. I have come here, here to my secret den in the thickness of these great walls, staggering slowly here by dim, steep stairs, and rare-trodden landings—here to die; and I have double-locked the oaken door, and shot the bolts and pitched the key out of my one narrow window-slit, and, gently rocking and swaying as the strong poison does its errand, I have thrown down my belt and sword and opened my great volume once again.

Misty the letters swim before me, and the strong pain ebbs and flows within. All the room is hazy and dim, and I grow weak and feeble, and my heavy head sags down upon the leaf I strive to finish. Some other time shall find that leaf, and me a dusty, ancient remnant. Some other hand shall turn these pages than those I meant them for: some other eyes than theirs shall read and wonder, and perhaps regret. And now I droop anon, and then start up, and the pale swinging haze seems taking shapes of friendliness and beauty. There are no longer limits to this narrow kingdom, and before my footstool sweep in soft procession all the shapes that I have known and loved. Electra comes, a pale, proud shade, sweeping down that violet road, and holding out her ivory palm in queenly friendship; and Numidea trips behind her, and nods and smiles; and there is stalwart Caius, his martial plumes brushing the sky; and earlier Sempronius, brave and gentle; and jolly Tulus; and, two and two, a trooping band of ancient comrades.

Now have I looked up once more and laughed, and here they come trooping again, those smiling shadows, and the fair Thana is with them, her plaited yellow hair gleaming upon her unruffled forehead; and by either hand she leads

a rosebud babe, who stretch small palms towards and voiceless cry upon me; and white-bearded Senlac; and, two and two, my Saxon serfs and franklins come gliding in. And there strides gallant Codrington, leading a pale shadow all in white, and Isobel turns a fair pale face upon me as she goes by. Oh! I am dead—dead, I know it, all but the hand which writes and the eyes that see, and I laugh as the last fitful flashes of the pain and life fly through the loosening fabric of my body. . . . And now, and now a hush has fallen on those silent shades, and their hazy ranks have fallen wide apart, and through them glides ruddy Blodwen—Blodwen, who comes to claim her own—and, approaching, looks into my eyes, and all those stately shadows are waiting, two and two, for us two to head them hence; and she, my princess, my wife, has come near and touched my hand, and at that touch the mantle of life falls from me!

Blodwen! I come, I come!



THE END.

REWARDS FOR BRAVERY.

The committee of the Royal Humane Society have announced a number of awards for saving life under circumstances of gallantry.

The silver clasp of the society (the salvor being already in possession of the silver and bronze medal and clasp) was given to Michael Waters, master shipwright, for saving John Mack, on Oct. 3, in the floating docks, Limerick. The case showed that Mack fell into the dock, and that Waters promptly plunged after him, at ten o'clock at night, and in so doing seriously injured himself. However, he succeeded in holding the man above water for twenty minutes, until a boat came to their assistance.

On the recommendation of the Chief Commissioner of Police of the Metropolis, the silver medal was awarded to Police-constable Pennett, H Division, for saving Michael Hayes on the night of Nov. 25 at Tower-hill stairs. The constable, on seeing Hayes plunge into the Thames, took off his belt and lamp and, without divesting himself of any other clothing, jumped in, and after a struggle got the would-be suicide to the stairs.

On the recommendation of Sir G. Tryon, Admiral Superintendent of Naval Reserve, the silver medal was also awarded to John Connell, coastguard, for saving Alfred Winter, fisherman, at Waxholme, Yorkshire, on Oct. 19.

Bronze medals and testimonials recording the services rendered and the acknowledgments of the society were also awarded to many persons for saving or attempting to save life. There was an "In Memoriam" to Mrs. Woolcot in memory of her son, who lost his life in a gallant endeavour to save life at the recent stranding of the steam-ship Uppingham, at Hartland Point, North Devon.

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By JAS. GLAISHER, F.R.S., &c.

TWELVE ILLUSTRATIONS, as Headings to Calendars, of THE FEATHERED FRIENDS AND POES OF FARMER AND GARDENER. Described by JABEZ HOGG, F.R.M.S., M.R.C.S., &c.

Useful Statistics for Reference throughout the Year—National Income and Expenditure—Government Offices—Postal Information—Stamps, Duties, and Licences—Public Acts passed during the last Session of Parliament—Notable Occurrences, and Obituary.

TWELVE FULL-PAGE ILLUSTRATIONS.

IN PICTORIAL COVER.

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GLASGOW INSTITUTE OF THE FINE ARTS.

The great event of the art-year in the West of Scotland has long been the opening of the annual exhibition of the Glasgow Institute. An unusual interest belongs to the exhibition now opened, for two reasons. In the first place, the date of its opening has been altered from the middle of February to the first half of December, thus avoiding collision with the dates of the Royal Academy's exhibition in London, and allowing artists to exhibit without reserve pictures which formerly were apt to be held back for the greater function in the south. In the second place, the younger school of Scottish artists, which during the last ten years has been steadily struggling through criticism to distinction, has just attained signal recognition and honour. During the last two years some of the best-prized medals of the Paris Salon have been awarded to members of this school; at the last Grosvenor Exhibition

several of the Glasgow canvases compelled special remark; and at the late exhibition in Munich the new uprising of art in the North was finally recognised as containing perhaps the most vital possibility of the day in the art-world.

The Glasgow artists whose work is thus attracting attention have mostly acquired or qualified their technique in the Paris studios; but, returning home, they have added to the breadth of style which marks French art something of the deeper feeling which somehow dwells in the north. Technically the work of the new school may still be inferior to the work of Paris, but already there has appeared in it the dawn of artistic possibilities which are greater than technique. The Parisians themselves, it seems, are beginning to doubt "whether, under the triumph of technique, French art has not run to seed, whether technical is comparable with artistic quality, and whether British quality

is not more precious than French style."

Last spring, at the exhibition of the Glasgow Institute, the experiment was tried of segregating the pictures of the new school in one of the galleries by themselves. The experiment, however, was hardly considered a success, chiefly from the fact that the opportunity of contrast was wanting to show the relative value of the work. Perhaps the chief use of the device was that it focussed popular attention upon the fact of the new art movement. This winter, very wisely, no such arrangement has been resorted to, and a fairer opportunity is afforded for public judgment.

Partly owing to the vigorous work of the new departure, the exhibition now opened must be acknowledged to be one of the finest that has been seen in Glasgow. Real thought and impressions at first hand are everywhere apparent upon the walls, while convention is relegated to a subordinate background. A noticeable fact is the disappearance almost entirely of works of the old Scottish school of the Sir David Wilkie type. These owed their popularity chiefly to a literary interest which is being more and more resigned by artists as apart from the main object of the painter's art. A further distinct point to be remarked is the prevalence of large canvases upon the walls. Ambition may be apt to outstrip performance in this respect; but here it must be acknowledged that in nearly every case the subject is equal to the space allotted to it. The largest canvas in the galleries, probably, is Harrington Mann's "Attack of the Macdonalds at Killiecrankie, 1689," but it is strikingly vigorous and dramatic, and full use has been made of the action and strength possible in figures almost life-size. At the opposite end of the principal gallery hangs G. Denholm Armour's "The Lion's Den," also a large picture, affording full scope for portrayal of the king of beasts "at home." In the place of honour on the third wall is Stott of Oldham's "Birth of Venus," a superb decorative picture, whatever may be said of its interpretation of a classic subject. And over against this is Alma Tadema's regal "Hadrian visiting a Romano-British Pottery," of whose masterly qualities it is needless to speak further here.

Loan pictures are less than ever conspicuous on the walls this winter, being less needed either for popular attraction or *pour encourager les autres*. Some there are, however, according to the tradition of the Institute, and these are useful for purposes of contrast. Among them are examples of such various masters as Monticelli, Daubigny, Josef Israels, Blommers, R. W. Macbeth, and Sam Bough.

It is possible here and there to detect the influence of Japanese art, and that influence has produced some very fine and fresh results. It seems possible to discover a kindred inspiration in the "Blowing Dandelions" of George Henry, one of the painters of the much-talked-of "Galloway Landscape" of last spring, as well as in "The Brook" of his partner, E. A. Hornel, in the "Sundown" of James Paterson, the "Winter" of J. Hermiston Haig, and the "Moorland" of T. Corsan Morton. Atmospheric effects—the poetry of cloud-land and wind and rain—in the vein of which Cecil Lawson was a lamented exponent, find able interpretation on the canvases of A. Roche and Alexander Frew. Impressionist ideals, upon the lines for which Mr. Whistler is perhaps accountable, are not so numerous as once they were in the Glasgow Institute; but they are visible yet in the delicate work of Mr. Grosvenor Thomas.

Conspicuous among the landscapes are some delightful pictures, such as the "Oak Farm" and "Sundown" of David Murray; "The Cradle of Argyll," by John Smart; "A Glimpse of the Clyde," by A. K. Brown; and "A Threatening Flood," by Edwin S. Calvert.

Of seascapes there is a fine "Westward," by Henry Moore, a great reach of heaving sea in warm light. In "The Hills of Morven," by Colin Hunter, the artist departs with advantage from his frequent hard blue waves. Among others, there are a grey "Harbour of Refuge," by Andrew Black; and "Near

St. Abb's Head," by Hugh Allen; while W. L. Wyllie takes the public under the sea to "Davy Jones's Locker," painting shadowy wreckage in the translucent depths.

Amid the usual proportion of portraits, some of which are extremely able, Theodore Roussel has essayed a daring colour effect in his painting of Mr. Mortimer Mempe—the sitter appearing in black evening dress against a pink wall, while a red fan lies on the grey floor.

The deepest interest of the exhibition, however, centres, naturally, in the work of members of what may now be fairly called the new Scottish school. Some of that work has already been mentioned, but of the leaders of the movement something remains to be said. James Guthrie has devoted himself somewhat extensively of late to pastel-drawing, and an exhibition of his work in that medium is at present open in London. Nevertheless, he has sent to the Institute a fine "Pastoral," an "Orchard," and "Harvest," all bearing the particular mark of his craftsmanship. E. A. Walton is represented by a masterly "Peasant Girl and Boy" and a characteristic "Landscape." And John Lavery, who has been occupied upon his great picture of the Queen's State visit to Glasgow International Exhibition, which has just received her Majesty's approval, has contributed two fine portraits and his large river picture, "The Bridge at Gretz," which was shown at the Royal Academy.

The Fifth Gallery is devoted, as usual, to water-colour drawings, and contains specimens of the art by Alfred East, William Young, James G. Laing, William Dalglish, T. Millie Dow, Duncan Mackellar, &c. And in the sculpture room, which, in justice, has this year been reserved entirely for the plastic art, appears the work, among others, of Pittendrigh McGillivray, Kellock Brown, John Rhind, and the late John Mossman.

There are 827 works shown in the exhibition—a decrease of 218 as compared with last year, the general size of the canvases being larger, and the pictures being hung less high upon the walls.

MUSICAL PUBLICATIONS.

"Action Songs" is the title of a collection of bright vocal pieces intended for juvenile singers, solo and choral, with costume and action. The little work is well suited for use by youngsters. Mr. J. Williams is the publisher, as also of another production for juvenile use, entitled "Dolldom," in which text from the practised hand of Mr. C. Bingham is associated with music supplied by the accomplished composer who writes under the name of Florian Pascal. Recitations, action songs, and choruses for two treble voices make up materials for the enjoyment of juveniles. The music is very bright and tunable. Another little work, "The Children's Daisy Chain" (from the same publisher), will also be welcome to the youngsters. It comprises "twelve little songs for little people," by A. Moffat; who, under distinctive titles, has produced some very pleasing melodious ditties, within the accomplishment of the youngest vocalists.

An "Album of Six Songs" comprises recent contributions to vocal music by the successful young Scottish composer Hamish MacCunn. The words are from various sources; the respective titles being, "The Ash-Tree," "I'll Tend Thy Bower," "To Julia Weeping," "At the mid hour of night," "A heart in armour," and "I will think of thee, my love." As with all this composer's music, there is a distinctive character that raises it far above the commonplace. The melodies, without being strained or eccentric, or presenting any abstruse difficulties, are striking and characteristic; and the pianoforte accompaniments have an importance and harmonic interest widely different from the ordinary style of those accessories. Messrs. Paterson and Sons, of Edinburgh, are the publishers.

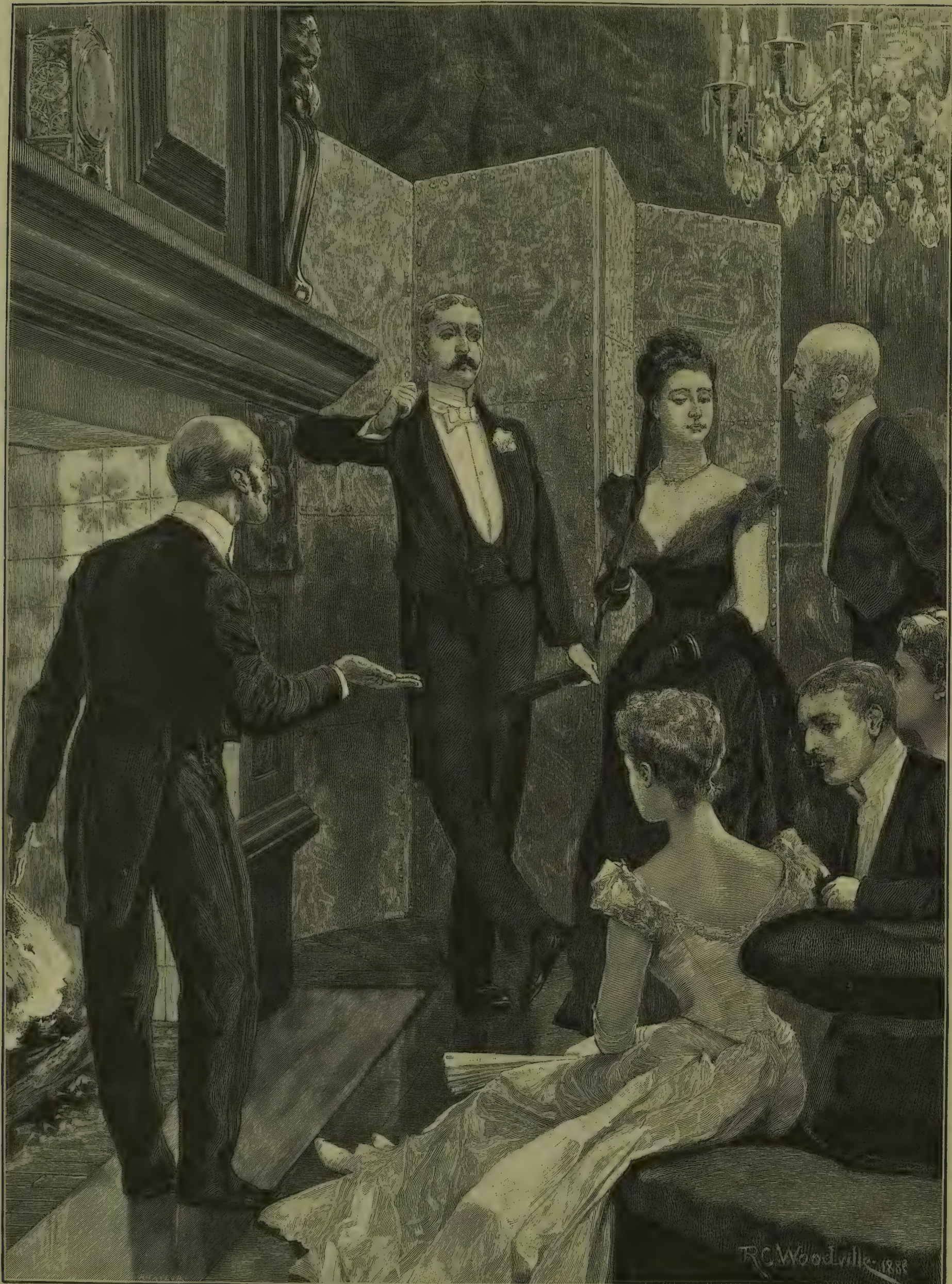
Two songs—"The Brook" and "Cradle-song" (Messrs. Metzler)—are settings by Mr. A. Cellier of lines by Lord Tennyson. The first-named has an agreeable melody of a placid character, with an accompaniment of a flowing kind, suggestive of calm movement. The other song is gentle and soothing in style, and reflective of infantile repose.

"The Ensign" and "The Helper" are songs by Odoardi Barri. The first is a good piece of musical declamation, with a strongly marked rhythm in its melody; the other song being of a more tranquil character. The ad libitum accompaniments are calculated to enhance the general effect. The consecutive fifths between the upper part and the bass in the second bar of the pianoforte accompaniment to the last-named song are disagreeable in effect, and might easily have been avoided. Mr. B. Williams publishes the songs; as also two composed by M. Watson, "An Anchor-Watch Yarn" and "Over the Deep Blue Sea," the words of both being also by the composer. The melody of the first is vigorous and striking, without the boisterous rudeness which sometimes characterises sea-ditties. The other song is, appropriately, of a calmer kind, with an equable flow of melody. In both pieces alternate use is made of six-eight and common time.

Appropriate to the serious aspect of the season is the issue, by the London Music Publishing Company, of two series of "Christmas Carols, Ancient and Modern," the words and music of which are edited by Dr. W. J. Westbrook. Carol-singing is of very old date, and the collections now referred to include together thirty-two specimens of different periods. The work is very well engraved and printed, and each carol is headed with a characteristic illustration, the price being so small as to place it within the reach of all purchasers.

Among the issues of cheap music by the firm of Messrs. Novello, Ewer, and Co. are two "Albums of English Songs," the first of which contains twenty pieces by Dr. Arne, one of the most popular melodists of the last century, the second series consisting of the same number of songs by another popular composer of a later period—Sir H. R. Bishop, who died in 1855. Each series is prefaced by a biographical notice of the composer, and the engraving and the price are such as to recommend the work to purchasers of all classes. Messrs. Novello, Ewer, and Co. are continuing their valuable and inexpensive "Music Primers," recent numbers of which are devoted to a method for the double-bass, and a treatise on extemporisation. The former is by Mr. A. C. White (a Professor of the Royal Academy of Music), whose skilful co-operation is a valuable feature at most of our important concerts. His book contains instructive letterpress and practical exercises which are valuable aids to students of the instrument. Dr. Sawyer's treatise comprises many useful directions for the guidance of those who wish to cultivate the art of musical improvisation. Many exercises are given, and some illustrative extracts from eminent composers. The work is a very good guide for those for whom it is intended.

"School Songs, with Sight-Singing Exercises," by John Taylor, are equally well adapted for school and home use. Some of the pieces are original, and others are selected from known composers. Preliminary instructions and exercises add to the instructive value of the work. Messrs. G. Philip and Son, of Fleet-street and Liverpool, are the publishers.



WAITING FOR DINNER.

DRAWN BY R. C. WOODVILLE



THE GUESTS WHO KEPT THE DINNER WAITING.

DRAWN BY R. C. WOODVILLE.

ILLUSTRATED AND CHRISTMAS BOOKS.

Shakespeare's Romeo and Juliet. Illustrated by Ludovic Marchetti, Lucius Rossi, and Oreste Cortazzo. (Raphael Tuck and Sons.)—Of the purely romantic plays, in Shakespeare's world-embracing imaginative exhibition of the widest range of human characters, passions, and humours, "Romeo and Juliet," unquestionably, is the finest exemplification of the passion of youthful lovers, and its story is the most pathetic, the single interest of their fate being unmingled with other elements of the dramatic situation. They are all the world to each other; Capulets and Montagues, and the social discords of Verona, melt to nothing in the warmth of their mutual affection, until the enamoured pair, crossed by cruel accidents of family life, are peacefully united in death. This mournful but sadly triumphant example of the Power of Love—the most romantic, yet the most natural, of the many stories with which our great poet has dealt—is here illustrated by three Italian artists with drawings which have much force and vivacity in the attitudes, expression, and grouping of their various figures. The composition is by no means too academical; it has even more freedom, more the air of spontaneous movement and action, than ordinary scenes on the stage, especially in Signor Marchetti's designs, while those of Signor Cortazzo are invariably graceful. They are reproduced, some of them with colouring, by the Fine Art Works in London, forming an elegant book, which merits high commendation.

The Laureate's Country: Places connected with the Life of Alfred, Lord Tennyson. By Alfred J. Church, M.A., with illustrations by Edward Hull. (Seeley and Co.)—Lord Tennyson—let us call him simply Tennyson, for a Poet is higher than a Lord—is worthy to be the last of the "Laureates," a silly, affected title of Italian Renaissance invention. He is truly an English poet; unlike Byron, Shelley, and Browning, his studies of Nature and of Mankind have been chiefly in England; here lie the quiet rural landscapes, meadow, and verdant fen, of his native Lincolnshire, wold and woodland and fair green hill, cliff and beach of the South Coast, gladsome brook and tranquil pool, which he loves better than the Alps or Egean prospects or sunlit shores of Sorrento. Tennyson's countrymen thank him; and many, to whom his melodious verse is as "household words," may like to possess these biographical memorial pictures of the scenes associated with a purely noble personality, which is not destined, we believe, as in the case of some other great contemporary authors, to rash profanation by a posthumous exposure of his private life. His birthplace at Somersby, among the chalk hills of North Lincolnshire, with the surrounding region, which is nowise dull and flat, contributes subjects for nine or ten views engraved on copper-plate, and for twice as many vignettes. This scenery will at once be recognised as that which made an abiding impression on the poet's memory, and which is recalled throughout his most characteristic and original idyllic compositions. The colleges and cloisters of Cambridge University, where his intellectual habits were formed, the riverside hamlet of Ship-lake, on the Thames, where he was married, and Clevedon, in Somersetshire, the home of his "In Memoriam" friend, are delineated and described, as well as Farringford, his dwelling in the Isle of Wight, and Aldworth, on Blackdown, in Hampshire, latterly chosen for his summer residence. Mr. Church's commentary is sufficient, and is commendable for its discreetness, as well as for its sympathetic tone.

Wild Life on a Tidal Water: the Adventures of a Houseboat and her Crew. By P. H. Emerson; illustrated with thirty Photo-etchings. (Sampson Low and Co.)—The Norfolk Broads have already been made the subject of a small library of descriptive and narrative books. This one, however, claims regard as well for some novelty in its particular local topic as for the high artistic value of its plates, mostly photographed from the actual scenes by the author and Mr. T. F. Goodall, and finely etched by Messrs. A. Dawson and W. L. Colls. Their execution is perfect; nothing better can be done by such processes in the reproduction of landscape or water effects. Breydon Water, adjacent to the town of Great Yarmouth, an expansion of the tidal estuary of the Yare, is four miles and a half long, a mile and a half wide, but its attractions have been too commonly neglected, both by visitors to the seaside town and by tourists exploring the more inland "Broads." Mr. Emerson's pleasant narrative of this homely piece of navigation, with experiences on board and ashore, is very tolerable reading; and Yarmouth itself, with some neighbouring places, obtains a due share of notice.

Charing Cross to St. Paul's. Notes by Justin McCarthy, M.P.; Plates and Vignettes drawn by Joseph Pennell. (Seeley and Co.)—We find it much more agreeable to have Mr. Justin McCarthy for a guide and companion among the familiar street localities of West Central London, interesting from such various historical, literary, and social reminiscences, than amid the tumults of Parnellism and Anti-Parnellism at Cork and Kilkenny. He is a bright, fluent, genial, and skilful writer, sufficiently learned in metropolitan history; and so good a London Irishman could ill be spared for any conceivable triumphs in a separate Dublin Parliament—of which the Unionists can make an argument if they please. Mr. Pennell, an American artist, we believe, who has done much to illustrate the characteristic features of English, French, and Scottish provincial scenery, and of our Cathedrals and rural mansions, shows us the Strand, Fleet-street, Ludgate-hill, and St. Paul's Churchyard, with the public buildings and churches, and with a peep into Holywell-street, using his pencil as Mr. McCarthy uses his pen.

Glimpses of Old English Homes. By Elizabeth Balch. With Fifty-one Illustrations. (Macmillan and Co.)—The contents of this acceptable volume are of a kind to which readers of our own Journal have become accustomed in the series of our "English Homes"; but it presents other particular subjects. Penshurst, Arundel Castle, Bridge Castle, near Tunbridge Wells, Hinchinbroke in Huntingdonshire, Highclere in Wiltshire, Berkeley Castle in Gloucestershire, Osterley, and Chiswick House, near London, are described by Mrs. Balch, with memorial notices of the noble families of their owners. Portraits, and views of houses, adorn the text.

The Armies of Europe, Illustrated. From the German of Fedor von Köppen, translated and revised by Count Gleichen, Grenadier Guards. Illustrated by Richard Knötel. (W. Clowes and Sons.)—So long as the disturbing rumours of hostile mutual intentions among Continental Powers are occasionally revived, their respective military systems will be constantly examined with anxiety by general public opinion; but this subject has an abiding interest for professional or amateur students of the art of war. The details of army organisation and equipment, correctly set forth in the careful German treatise here prepared for English reading, are not accessible in any other book with which we are acquainted. It is therefore a work of some utility; and the illustrations, which include many coloured plates, representing a great variety of regimental uniforms, are both useful and attractive.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

R KELLY.—We are afraid the dual resulting from Q takes Kt at K 6th is a fatal flaw. The move is an essentially defensive one, and the two mates are totally different in character.

B D KNOX.—There is only one solution to No. 2436. The answer to B to Q B 4th is Q to R 2nd; 2. Kt to Q B 5th, Q to Kt sq, and there is no mate.

P H W (Hampstead).—Your last effort marks immense improvement, and shall appear, if no flaws are found on examination.

J G GRANT (Ealing).—Thanks for amended version of game. We are sorry to hear the cause of its delay in reaching us.

W BIDDLE (Leytonstone).—Kindly send us a diagram of your amended position.

C T SPACKMAN (St. David's).—We are sorry your first attempt is not successful, but try again.

C E H (Clifton).—You have placed on Q R 8th a Black Rook, which the diagram gave on Q R 7th. The defence, then, is, if R takes Q B P, 2. Kt to Q 8th, R takes Kt P (ch). You must also look at No. 2436 again.

F G TUCKER.—Your problems have not been overlooked, and one shall appear shortly.

J E DAILY (Madras).—Thanks for your appreciative note. No. 2297 appeared on April 14, 1889, the position being—White: K at Q R 4th, Rs at Q B 4th and K R sq, B at Q Kt 2nd, Kts at K B 5th and K R 6th, Ps at K Kt 2nd, Q 2nd, and Q 6th. Black: K at K 3rd, P at Q 2nd. White mates in three moves.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEMS No. 2425 and No. 2426 received from O H B (Barkley East, Cape of Good Hope); of No. 2427 from O H B, J E Dailey, and W J O'Connell (Madras); of No. 2428 from J W (Natal), W J O'Connell, J E Dailey, and O H B; of No. 2429 from J W, W J O'Connell, J E Dailey, and F R King (Bombay); of No. 2430 from J E Dailey, R H Orilla, and W J O'Connell; of No. 2431 from R H Orilla and C W Von Alten (Wyoming, U.S.A.); of No. 2432 from Bernard Reynolds, A C Snell, and Rev John Willis (Barnstable, U.S.A.); of No. 2433 from W R Hamblin (Olney), Bernard Reynolds, and J Stevens; of No. 2434 from M Mullendorff (Luxembourg), Tortehesse, L Schia (Vienna), W David (Cardiff), A Gwinner, Captain J A Challice, Sorrento (Dawlish), W Barrett, E Sanders (Cheltenham), and A C Snell.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2436 received from W Barrett, J F Moon, E London, Dawn, Bernard Reynolds, Fr Fernando (Dublin), Martin F (Glasgow), J D Tucker (Leeds), A Newman, Mrs Kelly (of Kelly), T Roberts, Sorrento, Dr F St, Dr Waltz (Heidelberg), N Harris, R H Brooks, Shadforth, L Desanges, Alpha, W Wright, Columbus, W R Baillem, M Burke, D McCoy (Galway), P C (Surreybury), E E H, R Workers (Canterbury), J Ross (Whitley), P H Hudson (Leeds), J Dixon, J Goad, F Wilkens (Liverpool), M Mullendorff (Luxembourg), Mrs Wilson (Plymouth), W H Reed (Liverpool), F Deane, and G H Watson (Bradford).

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2434.—By P. KLETT.

WHITE.

1. R to Kt 3rd
2. Mates.

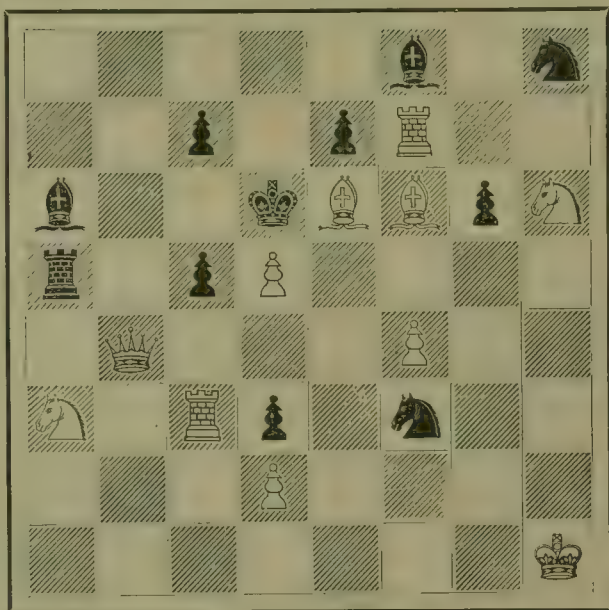
BLACK.

Any move.

PROBLEM No. 2438.

By BERNARD REYNOLDS.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in two moves.

CHESS IN LONDON.

The following smart game was played at Purcell's between Mr. TINSLEY and a strong AMATEUR.

(Algebraic Gambit.)

WHITE (Amateur). BLACK (Mr. T.)
1. P to K 4th P to K 4th
2. P to K B 4th P takes P
3. Kt to K B 3rd P to Kt 4th
4. P to K R 4th P to Kt 5th
5. Kt to Kt 5th P to Q 3rd
6. B to B 4th Kt to R 3rd
7. P to Q 4th P to B 6th
8. P to Kt 3rd Q to K 2nd
9. K to B 2nd

We can see no objection to Casting. The K gets into safer quarters, and the R will be in play.

9. P to K 5th P to K B 3rd
10. P to K 5th Q P takes P
It would be unsafe to take the Kt, for if P takes Kt, B takes P; Q to Q 2nd, B to B 6th, R to Kt sq (if B to Kt 2nd or Kt to B 2nd, P to K 6th wins), P to K 6th; Q to B 3rd, Q to Q 3rd; Q to Kt 3rd, Q takes R, and wins.

11. Kt to K 4th Kt to B 3rd
12. P to B 3rd B to B 4th
13. Kt to B 5th Castles
14. Q to Kt 3rd Kt to R 4th
15. Q to Kt 5th P takes P
16. P takes P
P to Kt 4th seems to be the correct

WHITE (Amateur). BLACK (Mr. T.)
move here, when the game might have gone on as follows: 16. P to Kt 4th, P to Kt 3rd; 17. R to K sq, Q to Q 3rd; 18. Kt to K 6th, B takes Kt; 19. R takes B, Q to Q 2nd; 20. Q takes Q (ch), R takes Q; 21. P takes Kt, and should win.

16. R takes P
17. B to K 3rd R takes B
Black must now win a piece, play as White may.

18. Q takes Kt Q takes B (ch)
Very finely played, and quite sound. Black plays to the end with admirable judgment.

19. K takes Q B takes Kt (ch)
20. Q takes B
He must take, or mate is forced in a few moves.

20. R takes Q
21. Kt to B 3rd R to K sq (ch)
22. K to B 2nd R takes Kt
Again well played, and the shortest road to victory.

23. P takes R R to K 7th (ch)
24. K to B sq B to Q 6th
25. R to Q sq B to R 3rd
and Black wins.

In accordance with our custom, we append a few selected problems for our solvers' amusement during the holidays:—

By S. LOYD.

White: K at K R 4th, R at K sq, B at K Kt 3rd; Ps at K Kt 2nd, Q Kt 7th, and Q R 7th.

Black: K at K R 8th, B at K Kt 8th, B at Q R sq. White mates in three moves.

By Miss LILIAN BAIRD (aged nine).

White: K at Q B 2nd, Q at Q Kt 3rd; Rs at Q R 2nd and K B 7th; Kt at K 5th, P at Q 3rd.

Black: K at K 8th, Kt at Q Kt 7th; Ps at Q 5th and K 6th. White mates in two moves.

Author Unknown.

White: K at K sq, Q at K R 4th, Rs at K R sq and K B 5th, Bs at Q 3rd and K B 4th.

Black: K at K B 6th, Bs at K R 7th and K Kt 5th, Kt at K R 3rd, Ps at K R 6th and K 6th. White mates in two moves.

By W. J. KENNARD (Boston, U.S.A.)

White: K at Q 5th, Kts at Q Kt 3rd and Q R 5th, B at K 2nd, Ps at K Kt 4th, K 5th, Q 6th, Q Kt 5th, and Q R 6th.

Black: K at Q Kt 3rd, Ps at Q R 2nd, Q B 4th, and K Kt 2nd. White mates in three moves.

By J. P. TAYLOR (from Mr. Laws's book).

White: K at Q B sq, Q at K 8th, Rs at Q R 3rd and K B 4th, Kts at Q 7th and Q B 3rd, B at K Kt sq, P at Q R 6th.

Black: K at Q 5th, Q at K 5th, Kt at K 6th, Ps at Q R 3rd, Q 3rd, Q B 5th and 7th, K B 4th, and K Kt 7th. White mates in two moves.

The correspondence match between Messrs. Steinitz and Tschigorin is suspended during the former's contest with Mr. Gunsberg. Of the two games Mr. Steinitz certainly seems to have the inferior position in the Evans, but his resourcefulness is such as to baffle all calculations, and he has expressed himself very hopeful of ultimate success. In the "Two Knights Defence" the game is more equal, and points to the probability of a draw.

The Bristol Mercury problem competition has resulted as follows. For three-movers: 1. G. Heathcote; 2. H. Cudmore; 3. J. Rayner. Hon. Mention: Mrs. W. J. Baird. For two-movers: 1. W. Gleave; 2. G. Heathcote; 3. R. G. Thompson. Hon. Mention: P. G. L. Fothergill.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

DRAGONS, UNICORNS, AND MERMAIDS.

As I write, the season of mirth and frivolity, of pantomime and harlequinade, has begun. Yuletide is specially the season when the weird and mysterious come to the front, when the legend and the ghost-story circulate, and when what is mythical and superstitious seems to blend in the most natural of fashions with the everyday life of the time. In a few days the work-a-day world will have gone back to its toil and its labours, and Christmas will have become once more a past and gone festival. All the same, it is curious that once a year, at least, the practical everyday world brings itself very decidedly in touch with the world of past fancies and almost forgotten customs and thoughts. From Santa Claus to the Goblin Crew of Yule, the air is full of myths and dreams at the present season, and the sight of holly-berries and mistletoe reminds us, unconsciously, of the renewal of folk-lore tales and nursery myths all round. Minds of scientific bent, in their turn, also cast back their thoughts to the legendary side of science at Christmas time, and find an appropriate task in chronicling some of the curious phases through which fact has slowly struggled, in its combat with myth and story, towards the light of day.

When one deals with legends concerning animal life, for example, it becomes clear that many of the superstitions regarding living creatures which are still extant have undoubtedly had their origin in a basis of fact. One might go further still, and hold, with truth, that even the mere appearance of certain animals may well have suggested the reproduction of the fabled griffins and like beings of ancient and mediæval times. Every visitor to an aquarium, for instance, must be familiar with the appearance of the little sea-horses, or hippocampi, which occur in the English Channel as well as in warmer seas. Each ordinary sea-horse is a fish about four inches long or so. It possesses a head shaped exactly like that of a horse; the snout, and even ears, being forcibly suggested: while its body, cased in stout or horny scales, tapers away to its extremity, and ends in a slender tail, that can be coiled round fixed objects at will. The sea-horse, when it swims, does so in the upright position, and you can see its twittering fins in rapid motion as it glides gracefully through the water. Taking it all in all, the sea-horse is as like a mythological griffin or dragon as can well be imagined. One sees representations of mythical animals in crests and heraldic bearings for which the sea-horse might very well have played the part of model. There are neighbours of the sea-horse which have attached to their bodies long streamers which serve to conceal them when they rest and repose amid the seaweeds, and some of these rarer hippocampi are even more grotesque in appearance than are the commoner species. I have seen a fantastic representation of a dragon in a pantomime which looked precisely like an enlarged sea-horse fish transferred to dry land; and it is by no means an unlikely idea that through some evolution or other of social kind, a veritable animal form such as I have suggested, modified (and of course exaggerated), has come to do duty, as it were, as the dragon and the griffin of mediæval belief.

From griffins to unicorns is, of course, but a short step. I believe the selection of the horned animal as a supporter of the British crown in the Royal arms was due to the taste of a Scottish monarch, James IV.; and when James VI., "of pious and learned memory," came to the English throne, the unicorn made its appearance in the south as a co-defender of the Royal shield with the "king of beasts." Whence King James IV. derived his horned beast is difficult to say. The idea itself is, of course, both Biblical and classic, as regards its age; and there are not wanting those who see in the unicorn merely an etherealised rhinoceros, an animal with which the ancients were fairly familiar, seeing that it made its appearance in the sports of Rome. The Biblical unicorn is regarded by some authors as a species of bull, but the original Hebrew word denoting the animal would appear to indicate a two-horned creature. Yet another explanation tells us that the unicorn is really our old friend the horse, which, in war-time of old, had a spike fixed in the middle of the armour which guarded the head. In 1600 a natural history work speaks of the unicorn in terms of high repute. Remarking on the belief of those who questioned in that day whether there actually existed such an animal, the author naively remarks that "the great esteem of his horn, in many places to be seen, may take away that needless scruple." The horn was believed to be a potent antidote against poison, and among the moral qualities of the animal it is mentioned that "the unicorn is never taken alive; and the reason being demanded, it is answered, that the greatness of his mind is such, that he chuseth rather to die than to be taken alive." Once started in this excellent fashion, the ball of myth and superstition, it may be seen, would go on rolling with the effect of the proverbial snowball. It is certain that other and veritable animals and their belongings were duly imported into the discussion, in order that all doubts regarding the unicorn's existence should be duly allayed. The "horse" of the animal was commented upon, and declared, in one instance at least, to have been eight spans and a half in length. Now, it is clear that the spiral horn thus described was really the horn of the narwhal, a member of the whale family, inhabiting the Arctic seas, one of whose teeth grows to form an ivory pole measuring six to eight feet long. Such horns, each representing the largest tooth in the animal kingdom, by the way, are to be seen in all natural history museums.

If the unicorn is thus probably a very compound animal, in the sense that it owes its mythical personality to a variety of sources, the same remark does not hold good of yet another mythical form dear to the hearts of the people in the shape of the mermaid. In song and fable, and equally in the pantomime and in the penny show at the fair, the mermaid appears over and over again. A seal has done duty for the maiden, half-woman, half-fish; but the original mermaid, I doubt not, is the manatee, or sea-cow, another member of the whale tribe, fairly common as regards one of its haunts on the West Indian coasts. Specimens of the manatee have been from time to time exhibited in London. It is a big animal, barrel-shaped as to its body, having no hind limbs, and possessing front limbs in the shape of flippers or swimming-paddles. It lives along the coasts, browsing on the sea-weeds, and rarely, if ever, venturing out to sea. Now, there is no doubt that the manatee, as it raises itself into an upright position in the water on its broad tail, presents, when viewed from a distance, a striking resemblance to the human face and figure. The mother-manatees, moreover, clasp their young to their breasts with their flippers, in the act of suckling them, and, to the imaginative minds of sailors, the aspect of the sea-cow must forcibly have suggested the appearance of the human figure. Divested of its mythical swaddling-clothes, the mermaid legend thus resolves itself into a very commonplace incident after all; and the manatee appears as the representative of the beautiful siren of old. It is ever thus with the scientific investigations of myths: the fairy legend in all its falsity disappears to make way for the more satisfying truth.

ANDREW WILSON.



A CATS' PARTY.—DRAWN BY LOUIS WAIN.



1. STRAND: Mr. Willie Elton, "Our Foul." 2. PRINCE'S: Mrs. Langtry, "Cleopatra." 3. HAYMARKET: Mr. Beerlehm Tree, "Collet Jack." 4. DRURY LANE: The Palace scene, "Beauty and the Beast." 5. AVENT: Mr. George Alexander, "Sunlight and Shadow." 6. COURT: Mrs. John Wood, "The Cabinet Minister." 7. OPERA COMIQUE: Mr. W. S. Pender, "The Judge." 8. ADELPHI: "The English Rose," Act II. Sc. 1. 9. GARRICK: Mr. John Hare, "A Pair of Spectacles." 10. LYCEUM: Miss Ellen Terry, "Much Ado About Nothing." 11. CRITICISM: Mr. Charles Wyndham, "London Assurance." 12. GAIETY: "Carmen up to Date," Act I. Sc. 2. 13. KATON: "The Gondoliers," Act I. 14. LYRIC: "La Cigale," Act III.

CHRISTMAS AT THE THEATRES.

BIRDS AND BERRIES.

When winter comes with its frost and snow, and the ground is too hard for the bills of birds, then is it that, mainly for their food-supply, they have to depend on berries. Hence, when those are plentiful, we are pleased to think that our feathered friends are, in a measure, provided for; and as we note in the autumn each rough hedgerow—well coloured and brightened by its glow of berries—our heart goes out to our pets, the birds, that thus will have food in winter. Most pleasant walks are those autumn ones, when, with berries ripening on the boughs, we get, with the leafage, such wondrous tones, as make up a scene of beauty. When feeding on berries in autumn and in winter, birds have their preferences, as we know, as some of them like one kind and some another. Thus, while the favourite food of the fieldfare and redwing, the blackbird and thrush, is haws and holly berries, by the hawfinch those most liked are hornbeam-seeds and beech-nuts, as also haws, and the seeds from the spruce-fir cones. By the chaffinch, too, are beech-nuts preferred, as they are by the coal-tit and great-tit, the nuthatch and brambling; while none like stubble seeds and the husks of corn so well as the buntings, the greenfinch, and yellow-hammer. For the saucy bullfinch, though, the greatest treat is frosted blackberries or the seeds of ash; and the same remark applies to jays, rooks, and ringdoves in their love for those berries of the oak which we call acorns. A house-sparrow likes corn best, as he does in summer, but as the hedge one, being a soft-billed bird, has to live chiefly on soft atoms, he has far less chance in winter. For every kind of berry are there certain birds, and the berries in kind are numerous; and they in themselves differ quite as much as do the tints of those feeders on them.

Thus, we have the scarlet of the wild-rose, the hawthorn, and mountain-ash, the whitebeam-tree, mezezon, and cloud-berry; the bright red of the bittersweet, yew, and cowberry; the red of the butcher's broom and briony, and the crimson-red of the stone-branch and cranberry; while in the honey-suckle we have a carnelian-red, in the arum a coral-red, an orange-red in the berries of the guelder-rose and wayfaring-tree, and in the flower-like capsules of the spindle-tree a waxy rosy tint. It is the same with all the dark hues, too, for we have the intense black of the privet, the black of the bird-cherry, the purple black of the bramble and the deadly nightshade, and the blue-black of the buckthorn and dew-berry; the glossy black of the bilberry, the bloomed black of the bleaberry, the brownish black of the crowberry, the dull rusty black of the wild service-tree, and the blackish purple of the sloe, the elder, and the dogwood-tree. The colour of berries gives also a clue to their taste; the white, as a rule, being sweet, the red and the blue ones sour, and the black ones tasteless and not fit to eat; while many that, to children, are hurtful or poisonous, afford food for the birds. Thus, the mezezon has poison-berries, but by thrushes and black-birds they are greedily eaten. The berries of that other Daphne, too, the spurge-laurel, are also poisonous, as are the berries of the arum and the wild briony, though not to birds; and another kind of berry, though not a poison one, of which birds and animals are very fond, is that of the whitebeam-tree, and it is the favourite food of the hedgehog. The spindle-tree has a poison berry, and so has the sea-buckthorn, though the common kind is of use as a medicine. Elder-berries, on the other hand, are safe if ripe, though poisonous to poultry, but unripe ones often have caused fatal symptoms. The berries of the yew, too, have been eaten with impunity when they have been thoroughly ripe, but, as children and adults have been poisoned by them, they are risky things to take. Yew leaves, however, when withered, poison cattle; and insects dislike the tree so much that not one will touch it except the wasp, who is as fond of its berries as of ivy-bloom.

Other berries which serve for the birds in winter have their own uses too. Thus, while from mountain-ash and whitebeam berries ale is brewed in Wales, a strong spirit is made there from the former; wild-rose hips furnish a pleasant conserve, and from dogwood-berries the French make oil and soap. With the cloudberry, which is of use in fevers, vinegar is made, as also soups and sauces; and with the cranberry—which is in vogue in Sweden for throat affections—pies are made in Devonshire, and jelly likewise, as the best thing to have with venison. It is there, too, that bilberries with cream are eaten, and in Yorkshire they serve for pies, puddings, and jam, and their juice is used to stain linen and paper purple. Another colour, and a valuable one too, "sap-green," is procured from the berries of the buckthorn, as also a medicinal syrup; and a red tint is imparted to French wine by bleaberry—from which a fine spirit is distilled—while from cranberries, with which jam is made, they, with their juice, in Russia, whiten silver. In Norway, guelder-rose ones are eaten with flour and honey, and in this country those of the wayfaring-tree contribute to the making of ink; the bird-cherry is employed to flavour spirits, and from privet-berries a lamp-oil is obtained; and from the sweet-gale ones—which are used by the Scotch in beer—candles are made which give out an incense-like smell. The sweet-gale, by-the-bye, is the badge of the Campbells, and the cranberry is the badge of the clan McLean. The wild-service berries, when mellowed by frost, have a ready sale in the Surrey markets, as they abound in the Caterham district; and those of the sloe, under the same conditions, are of use in making that "winter-pick wine" which many call "cottager's port." A wonderful shrub, too, is that same sloe, as its branches not only thus furnish the wine of Portugal, but also, as is well known, the tea of China! The fruit of the black-berry, too, is useful, though Shakspeare thought but little of it, as he makes Thersites say of Ulysses, "He is not worth a blackberry!" But the Greeks and the Romans believed in them as being useful in gout; and with us doctors still order their juice for rheumatic affections. By the Greeks, too, the young tops of bramble sprays were used as a salad, and the berries were not picked till they had been touched by frost. The green-carpet, the red-green, and the quaker moths prey on the blackberry bushes.

Now, as each bird, as we have seen, has its favourite food in winter, so is it with them each season; and by knowing their likings we know where to find them when we stroll through our kitchen-garden. Thus—to mention but a few of them, as space presses—at the ripe raspberries, in summer, we shall probably find the whitethroat, blackcap, and bullfinch; and the jay and the hawfinch at the cherries and peas, and at the latter the house-sparrow and great-tit, who is also as fond of ripe fruit, as are blackbirds and thrushes. At the plums, too, shall we see the long-tailed tit busy, and the goldfinch will be at the groundsel, while in the spring the chaffinch may be found at the vegetable seeds, and the hedge-sparrow at the young leeks and onions; and in autumn the linnet will be feeding on all ripe seeds, and on filberts the great-tit and nuthatch. When berries ripen, autumn leaves soon fall, the yellow, red, and brown, and fieldfares throng into the meadows, and when the oaks and the elms are bare-armed again we get to the end of the year, when, though we shall have to say farewell to its fruits and flowers, we can welcome its birds and berries.—S. B.

"SACRED AND LEGENDARY ART."

The valuable series of books* on sacred pictures and the legends to which they relate, which Mrs. Jameson did not live to complete, has long been out of the reach of all but the wealthy. The publishers (Messrs. Longmans) have therefore been well inspired in issuing a new edition—which, although as perfect and as sumptuous as the original—will bring the volumes within the reach of all who care enough for books to spend a little upon them. Mrs. Anna Jameson, the authoress, has now been dead just thirty years, but nothing has appeared in that interval to deprive her of the unique position she occupies as the historian of religious art. She was born in Dublin in 1796, the daughter of D. B. Murphy, a miniature-painter of some note, whose series of "Windsor Beauties," after Sir Peter Lely, may be seen at the South Kensington Museum. Her first start in life was as governess in the family of Lord Lyttelton. She accompanied his daughters on a prolonged tour in Italy, and published anonymously "The Diary of an Ennuyée," in which, under the slender guise of a story, she furnished a guide for English connoisseurs and others who had up to that time been forced to content themselves with the dry bones of Mrs. Stark's handbook. The book attracted a good deal of attention at the time, and caused a little annoyance to some members of the family with whom Miss Murphy had been travelling, when its author became known; but it served to give her a position in the literary world, which her subsequent works established more firmly.

In 1823 Miss Murphy was married to Mr. Jameson, who at that time held the post of Vice-Chancellor of Canada, but the marriage did not turn out happily, and Mrs. Jameson remained in this country, and devoted herself to literature; but, after a time, she followed her husband to America, and at least brought back plenty of materials for fresh books. After writing about America and the Americans, she turned her attention to history. Her first attempt in this line—"Memoirs of Female Sovereigns"—was published in 1831, and thus preceded by nearly ten years the first volume of Miss Strickland's more widely known and more valuable histories. It was not until 1845 that Mrs. Jameson published, in Charles Knight's Library of Entertaining Knowledge, two charming volumes of "Memoirs of the Early Italian Painters," which had previously appeared in the weekly numbers of the *Penny Magazine*. It was while gathering her materials for this work that she conceived the idea of her "Sacred and Legendary Art," which was not published until 1848—"less," as she said, "with the idea of instructing, than from a wish to share with others those pleasurable associations which have been a source of such vivid enjoyment to myself." The scheme of the work was to trace the development of that legendary art of the Middle Ages which for three centuries at least was the sole mental and moral nourishment of the people of Europe, and had become a sort of literature which had worked itself into the lives of the men and women of Christendom.

In her two volumes on "Sacred and Legendary Art," Mrs. Jameson begins by explaining the significance of the various legends, discussing the patron saints of particular countries and localities, their emblems and their attributes. The early notions respecting angels and archangels, and the manner in which they have been treated by various painters, is not only described but copiously illustrated by reproductions done by Mrs. Jameson's own hand. The Evangelists passed through the most curious art-evolution. In the earliest pictures they were represented as four books, then as four rivers, next as four mysterious animals, next with human and animal forms combined, as we see them in the first compartment of the "Life of Christ," by Angelico da Fiesole, which is now to be seen at the Academia di Florence, then with wings, and, finally, as men. In like manner the twelve Apostles were originally typified under the form of sheep or doves, before they were represented as men, with Christ in the centre of the group as the Good Shepherd, and the earliest instance of the Apostles entering into a scheme of ecclesiastical decoration occurs in the Church of San Giovanni in Fonte at Ravenna, built in the latter half of the fifth century; and it is interesting to note that at this date the attributes of the several Apostles had not yet been admitted into art. Round the Doctors of the Church, the Devout Women, and the Beatified Penitents legends soon began to crystallise, Mary Magdalene being especially distinguished in this way. From these the transition is easy to the patron saints of Christianity, the martyrs, the virgin patronesses, and the hermits, and concerning these art has much to tell us that is always interesting, often pathetic, and frequently instructive. The stories of St. Catherine of Alexandria—the patroness of education, philosophy, of science—brought back by the Crusaders, made her one of the most popular of saints, and in the twelfth century her worship was almost universal in Western Europe. She is generally, though not always, represented with a wheel, or, as in Giotto's picture, between two wheels, symbolical of the death to which she was condemned by the Emperor Maximus, from which she was miraculously delivered, but was beheaded shortly after. Scarcely less popular among painters and sculptors was St. Sebastian, the type of manly beauty; and, from the fact that his form is always associated with arrows, many have seen in the veneration paid to the saint a survival of the worship of Apollo, the god of pestilence, arrows having been from all antiquity regarded as emblems of plague or pestilence. St. Sylvester, whose fête is celebrated on the last day of the old year, is less known; but his most distinguished but wholly legendary convert, Constantine, was also canonised, and of him several treatments are to be found in frescoes at Rome and Florence. The figure here reproduced is, however, more suggestive of the emperor than of the penitent; but it must be remembered that there is a wide difference between the Constantine of history and the St. Constantine of the legends—and that the early artists seem to have been attracted to the martial rather than to the spiritual side of the great Church benefactor's character.

The two volumes of sacred and legendary art were followed at a short interval (1851) by the "Legends of the Monastic Orders," in which Mrs. Jameson showed the influence of monachism upon art. The period during which the Benedictines exercised their power on behalf of the suffering world, and especially of down-trodden woman, was marked in art by a beautiful and saintly ideal. The assemblage of saints in Taddeo Gaddi's picture in our own National Gallery well depicts the conventual life, where

Man more purely lives; less oft doth fall;
More promptly rises; walks with nicer tread;
More safely rests; dies happier; is freed
Earlier from cleansing fires; and gains withal
A brighter crown.

The Benedictines produced a few artists of their own, of whom the most celebrated was Don Lorenzo Monaco, whose "Annunciation," in the Florence Gallery, is known to every traveller.

* "Sacred and Legendary Art," two vols.; "Legends of the Monastic Orders," one vol.; "Legends of the Madonna," one vol., by Mrs. Anna Jameson. "History of Our Lord," by Mrs. Jameson and Lady Eastlake, two vols. Longmans, 1890.

The Mendicant orders were even more prolific in painters, and are recognisable by the prefix to their names. Fra Antonio di Negroponte was a Franciscan, Fra Filippo Lippi a Carmelite, and Fra Angelico and Fra Bartolomeo were both Dominicans. The works of these and of their subjects are familiar to most of us; but of more special interest perhaps to Englishmen is St. Hugh of Lincoln, to whom we owe the rebuilding of the cathedral, which had been destroyed by an earthquake. Of this most splendid monument of Gothic architecture little remains within beyond the rose-window of the south transept; but there is a picture of the Bishop still extant, by Lucas van Leyden, which represents him in the Carthusian habit and mitre, with his attribute of a swan beside him.

Of the founder of the Franciscans, St. Francis, the "Padre Serafico," the portraits and allegorical pictures are to be found from one end of the Catholic world to the other. His career from his twenty-fifth year, when he renounced his life of ease to devote himself to the sick and needy, became the subject of hundreds of works of art, of which every Franciscan community was in duty bound to possess an example. Of all the charming legends which have attached themselves to this remarkable man, none is more touching than that of his preaching to the birds—in other words, of admitting animals within the pale of Christian sympathy. The illustration given by Mrs. Jameson is from a picture in the Louvre, which is probably a copy of a part of the fresco painted by Giotto for the Upper Church at Assisi. The companion work by Cimabue, executed for the Lower Church at the same place, has altogether perished.

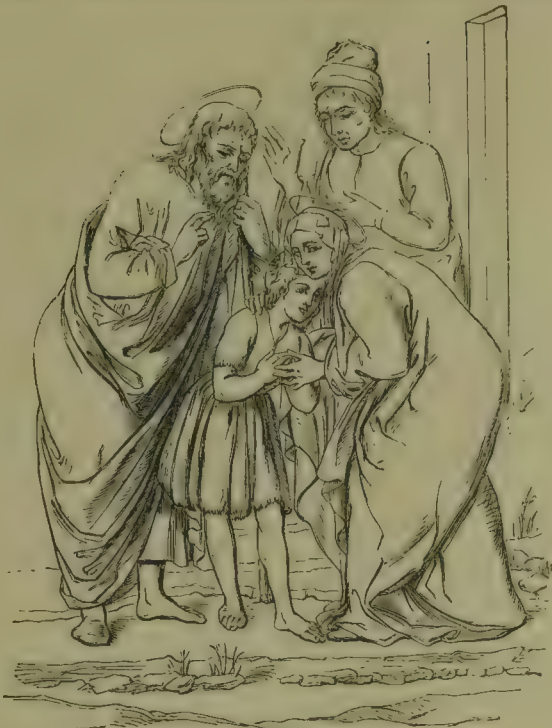
St. Dominic and the worthies of his order are conspicuous in some of the grandest works of the Renaissance period, and they produced two artists who, as Mrs. Jameson truly observes, deserve to be called *religious* painters in contradistinction to *church* painters. A portrait of the great founder was probably painted by Fra Angelico, but we only know it through the copy made by Carlo Dolce, and, from the simplicity of the pose and the spirituality of the face, we may well presume that in this case the copyist has introduced but little of his own inspiration. At a subsequent period the Dominican protectors of art gave way to the Jesuits, who employed Rubens and Vandyck to decorate their churches in Belgium, while in Spain they practically turned the whole art feeling of the country in a channel which soon ran dry, when religious enthusiasm and missionary zeal began to wane. In this they were ably seconded by the Spanish Franciscans, of whose monks Zurbaran and Ribeiro have left us such striking portraiture.

The third series of the Sacred and Legendary, published in 1852, was devoted to that most fruitful of all art subjects, the Legends of the Madonna, whose worship is first referred to early in the fifth century. A sect of women, we are told, who had emigrated from Thrace into Arabia were accustomed to offer cakes of meal and honey to the Virgin Mary, transferring to her, in fact, the worship previously paid to Ceres. To almost the same period the earliest representations of the Virgin in art are referred—found upon Christian sarcophagi—never standing alone, but generally forming part of a group of the Nativity or the Adoration of the Magi. During the next three centuries the popularity of the worship of the Virgin caused the multiplication of her image in every form and material throughout Christendom. To these early works, which were all of the Greek type, it is unnecessary to refer at length; and although, in the thirteenth century, we find traces of poetic art animated by the worship of the Virgin, it was not until Dante—the intimate friend of Giotto—had infused into poetry the doctrines of the Church of his day that we come in real contact with the enthusiasm which the worship of the Regina Coeli kindled in the hearts of the devout. The outcome of this influence may be seen in the works of Botticelli in the Uffizi Gallery at Florence, and in the still more refined beauty of the *Mater Amabilis*, by Squarcione—the master of Mantegna, and, with him, one of the glories of the Paduan school of painting.

The great festival which we are now celebrating has led to divers interpretations of the sacred text. The Greek artists, whose leading the early Italians followed, represented the birthplace as a sort of cave—a hole in a rock. But from the fourteenth century this treatment was discontinued, and a stable in some form is represented. One of the oldest pictures in this style we possess relating to this subject is that by Taddeo Gaddi, here reproduced. The scene is treated in the simplest style, with the indispensable accessories of the angels, and the ox and the ass, which animals appear in all representations of the event from the sixth to the sixteenth century, in recognition of the prophecy of Habakkuk iii. 4: "He shall lie down between the ox and the ass," as rendered in the Vulgate. In a considerably later work, by Lorenzo di Credi, of which the original is at either Florence or Munich, one being the replica of the other, we have a more beautiful rendering of the same theme, in which the animals are represented as kneeling "confessing the Lord."

Mrs. Jameson did not live to complete her self-appointed task—the "History of Christian Art," but she had amassed a considerable amount of materials for the "History of Our Lord as exemplified in Works of Art." The work, however, was entrusted to thoroughly competent hands, and in 1864 Lady Eastlake was able to present to the world two supplementary volumes which, while embodying Mrs. Jameson's materials, were, in a very great measure, the outcome of original thought and research. It was necessary to travel over much of the ground already opened up by the earlier volumes, but in the interval which had elapsed the researches to which Mrs. Jameson's work had given an impetus revealed more abundantly the treasures of Christian art in all parts of the Continent. Lady Eastlake passes in review the chief events of Old Testament history which in any way, allegorically or otherwise, had reference to Christ's ministry. Thus, for instance, the life of David furnished artists with subjects of which we can trace the adaptation into the events of Christ's life, while at the same time they show how strong a hold Pagan subjects had upon the minds of the early painters. The group of David playing the harp while tending his sheep is from a Greek psalter of the ninth century, and the prophetic king is here represented accompanied by an allegorical figure, Melodia, while in the background the hill country of Bethlehem is quaintly suggested.

Of our Lord Himself it is only timely to speak now in His earliest years. Perhaps the pathos of childish innocence and beauty as portrayed by Luini has seldom been surpassed. His foot rests upon the bitten apple, and beside Him hangs the dead serpent, its power destroyed by the greater power of the cross, to which He points. And this is only one of the numerous examples of the treatment of the Child-Jesus by painters and sculptors in these volumes. We have not space to dwell at length upon this feature of Mrs. Jameson's and Lady Eastlake's work, but we trust that enough has been said to show of what value so careful and sympathetic a study of religious and legendary art must be to all who take an interest in the development of religious thought and religious painting—how deep a debt we owe to the author whose works have become a standard of authority for all subsequent students and readers.



A HOLY FAMILY.



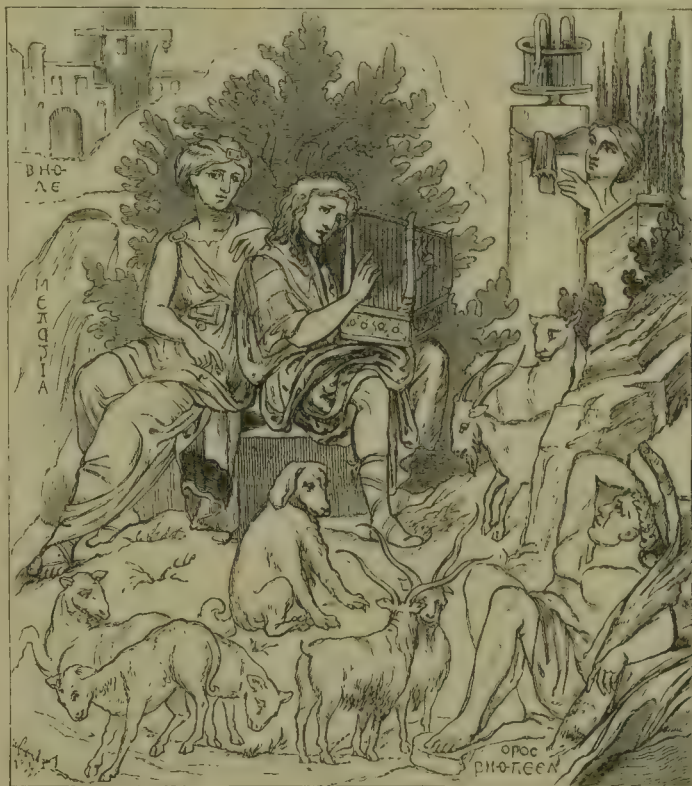
MADONNA AND CHILD.



ST. DOMINIC.



INFANT CHRIST, BY LUINI.



DAVID.



THE NATIVITY, BY LORENZO DI CREDI.



THE MADONNA AND CHILD, BY SQUARCIONE.



THE TWELVE APOSTLES.



A HOLY INNOCENT.



ST. CONSTANTINE.



ST. HUGH OF LINCOLN.



ST. FRANCIS PREACHING TO THE BIRDS.



A NATIVITY, BY TADDEO GADDI.

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM
MRS. JAMESON'S
"SACRED AND LEGENDARY ART."



UNDER THE MISTLETOE: A LITTLE SISTER.



KARAOL, ON THE YENISEI RIVER.

FROM THE THAMES TO SIBERIA.
THE VOYAGE OF THE BISCAYA.

Kasanskoi, Yenisei River, Sept. 11, 1890.

I told you how we had safely reached Karaoul, the destination of the Biscaya, and that, to our great disappointment, the ship which ought to have been there to meet us was not at the rendezvous. What could have happened to her? Naturally, the first idea that suggested itself was that she had run aground

and was unable to get off, encumbered as she was with the heavy barges that she was towing down from Yeniseisk to take back our cargo in. It was manifestly out of the question attempting to proceed any farther without a pilot, so it was decided to wait where we were, in the hope of the Phoenix turning up during the next day or two.

In the evening we all went ashore to have a look round, and were received on landing by quite a pack of native dogs, which, however, only offered a mild protest against an invasion

by barking at us from a distance. A limp-looking individual, dressed in the usual Russian costume, with the inevitable top-boots, strolled listlessly down towards the beach with his hands in his pockets, and stared at us in an aimless sort of fashion—the dismal loneliness of the surroundings had evidently had their effect on him, and he was incapable of arousing himself to anything requiring a mental effort, for he did not evince the slightest interest in our arrival, strange and unusual though it certainly must have been to him in this out-of-the-



RARE SPORT: SEAL-HUNTING IN THE KARA SEA.

any sort of place. We found, however, that he still retained the use of his tongue, and my slight knowledge of German then proved very useful, as it turned out he was not a Russian, but hailed from the "Vaterland." He informed us that he was the only white man in the place (which, by the way, only contained as many inhabitants as there are letters in its name), and usually spent the summer months there looking after the Samoyede fishermen who were working for the merchant who owned the dilapidated wooden buildings. In the winter he was employed as a butcher at Yeniseisk, and very glad he was to get back again there, as he said he had a fearfully dull time of it here with not a soul to speak to except the Samoyedes, and very little work to do even when fish was brought in to salt. One could not help pitying a man who was so down on his luck as to be obliged to bury himself alive so far from his native land in order to earn his daily bread. There was not much to see on the beach, so we started for a walk over the hills, and had a very pleasant ramble through country which reminded one not a little of the Scottish Highlands: everywhere we were knee-deep in luxuriant grasses, while all around flowers were growing in wild profusion—it was like being in a huge deserted garden. I noticed no end of old friends, such as the wild thyme, campanella, and mountain daisy: it was hard to realise that the ground is eternally frost-bound a foot or so beneath the surface, and that all this wonderful vegetation only comes up during the few months when the ground is not covered by snow; for during the greater part of the year there is absolutely nothing to relieve the white vista of the endless rolling plains, which are then deserted by even the aborigines themselves. We came across a solitary Samoyede grave on the hillside, the spot being marked by two sledges standing ready packed as for a journey. The Samoyedes thus leave their dead, and the custom is almost touching in its simplicity. All the earthly belongings of the deceased are placed on the sledges, covered with a reindeer-skin, and abandoned to the mercy of the elements, with no other protection than a rudely carved forked stick stuck in the ground close by to frighten away evil spirits. They have no fear of robbers, as they know that their own people would not desecrate a grave, and to strangers the few primitive articles on the sledges would not offer much temptation; still, I must confess, it rather made my mouth water to see such a lot of tempting curiosities thus abandoned. On our way back to the ship we had a look in at the loghouse, and one look was almost enough for most of us, as the heat inside was simply stifling; for, although it was quite a warm summer evening, all the windows appeared to be hermetically closed, and the large stove was in full blaze. There was nothing particularly striking about the interior, which was a poor Russian home. I could not help remarking the extreme order in which the place was kept: everything seemed to have its place, to which it was scrupulously returned when moved. We then paid a visit *en passant* to the Samoyede hut, or tent, or whatever they call the bundle of dirty rags that serves them for a sort of shelter. Inside we saw an old man, two women, and four or five half-naked children huddled together, in an indescribable state of filth, round a few smoking embers which was intended to represent a fire. The stench was so great that it seemed more like looking at a den of wild beasts than of human beings. The river might have been ten miles away, instead of only as many yards, for all the use they ever made of it.

It had been decided that the next day our steam launch should be sent on a voyage of discovery up the unknown reaches of the mighty river, in search of the missing Phoenix. The launch had already been thoroughly overhauled, so without delay a supply of provisions, sufficient to last at least three months, was put on board of her, and three of our party told off for the expedition. At eight o'clock the next morning all was in readiness, and the little launch, packed absolutely to the gunwale and towing a boat full of coal for her engine, started on her venturesome journey, her crew looking very uncomfortable in their cramped quarters: still, as it was a lovely day, the sun shining brilliantly, it almost made one envy them their trip, if they had such weather all the time. There was just a slight mist on the river, so they were not long getting out of sight, blowing us a final good-bye with their steam whistle, to which we replied by firing a volley with our rifles. Our now reduced party then returned to the cabin to finish breakfast, wondering how long we were doomed to wait at Karouli in glorious inactivity. At the end of the meal, as we were getting up from table, we were

startled by hearing the launch's whistle blowing with great vigour, close at hand. We all rushed on deck, fearing some accident had befallen her, when, to our astonishment, we saw her returning at full speed, while close behind her, towering above the mist and with all her colours flying, was the ship she had gone in search of. We were simply dumbfounded, as the situation was almost too absurd; for, had the mist only lifted, or the launch been detained only a quarter of an hour, we must have seen her before her pursuer could have started, and thus saved ourselves a lot of trouble. As may be imagined, the gallant crew of the launch came in for a lot of good-humoured chaff, and we were able to congratulate them on the successful result of their mission and their safe return. In a very short time the Phoenix was alongside, and we then learnt that she had been delayed by the number of barges she had had to tow—so much, so, in fact, that, in order to save time, it had been decided to leave most of them some twenty miles behind, at a convenient spot, and come on with only one, so as to commence the transhipment without any more unnecessary delay, and then return for the rest. No time was lost, therefore; and in less than an hour after we had shaken hands with those on board the steamer our hatches were off, the steam winches going merrily, and the cargo being rapidly taken out of the hold, under the supervision of a stately Russian custom-house officer, who was attended by two Cossacks. The Phoenix appeared to be crowded with men, as compared with our small crew of twelve. I learnt afterwards that no less than forty-five men had been brought down from Yeniseisk to work the barges and get in the cargo, and that among this big crowd there was a baker, a butcher, and a man specially told off to attend to the live stock, of which they had quite a farmyard, on one of the barges. They evidently knew how to make themselves comfortable while they were about it. I spent an hour in watching the men working at the cargo, and could not help coming to the conclusion that with a little less talk a good deal more work could have been accomplished in the time; there seemed to be too many foremen, and all seemed to differ in their orders at any critical moment, and so helped to increase the confusion which was already caused by the jabbering of the men. It was, however, a picturesque and interesting sight, this crowd of rough, unkempt men, with their coloured blouses and their loose trousers, tucked into high boots, reminding one not a little of bold buccaneers in the good old Adelphi dramas; and although, perhaps, they did not put quite as much energy into their movements as they might have done, they made up for it in "effect," from an artistic point of view—an effect which was heightened by a quaint sort of chorus they sang at intervals. They struck me as being a much better-looking lot of men than an average crowd of the same class in England, and looked well fed and contented with their lot. A few among them, I was informed, are exiles who have served their time, but who prefer to continue living in Siberia, where, from what I can gather, the general opinion is that one is better off as an exile than as a free man in Russia itself. We had our first taste of Russian cooking that morning, as we all lunched on board the Phoenix—and a very good lunch it was, although it certainly was very trying to have to eat without drinking, as is the Russian custom, and I mentally decided to live à la Française while in Holy Russia. At the end of the meal a hissing samovar was brought in, tea was brewed, and a decanter of vodka passed round, and we all agreed that vodka makes a very good substitute for whisky, but that weak tea without milk, drunk boiling hot out of tumblers, would take some getting used to, as it evidently is an acquired taste, and wants educating up to by a prolonged stay in Russia. The cabin of the Phoenix, though small, was so clean and cosy that it seemed quite a treat to have a decently served meal after all the "pigging" we had had to put up with on the Biscaya: it made us almost wish for the time to come when we should transfer our quarters to her for the river journey. Everything looked as prim as on a yacht, from the white paint on the deck-house to the deck itself, which was kept perfectly clean. I feel sure that were the Phoenix to return once more to her native port of Newcastle her old owners would not recognise, in the smart-looking river boat, their quondam steamer, so thoroughly has she been altered and Russianised. The next day it was decided to go back to where the other barges had been left by the Phoenix, so our anchors were weighed, and both vessels started.

It took only a few hours to reach Kasanskoi, the next "station," which was destined to be our *piéd à terre* for some

little time. The scenery on the way up was tame, and varied but slightly from what I have previously described—in fact, so flat and uninteresting was it at times that one could see rolling plains of green for miles and miles ahead without even a bush to break their monotony. The effect called "mirage" is very peculiar in these regions; at times distant headlands appear to go right away up into the sky, and one sees clouds and river underneath them; sometimes great holes appear, as it were, in the sides of the hills, and daylight thus seen through them; even on the darkest and greyest days these effects are noticeable. As the time was now fully occupied in getting the Biscaya's cargo safely transferred to the barges, and as during these operations the Phoenix could be of no service to us, it was arranged that she should proceed down to the mouth of the river and wait for the other ship and the tug, which were to have followed us out from England, and, in the event of their turning up, to pilot them back to where we were. So we were to have Kasanskoi all to ourselves for a few days. There being now little of interest to me in the well-known ship, I decided to explore the neighbouring hills, so would go ashore by myself in the early morning with my gun and my sketch-book, and wander about to my heart's content. There was very little to shoot, and still less to sketch: nevertheless it was very delightful, after being cooped up for so many weeks, to find oneself once more alone and free as the air on these boundless plains. The bright sunshine, the familiar flowers, the birds chirping merrily as they flitted from bush to bush—in fact, the whole scene was the very antithesis of what one would have expected to see on the bleak tundras of Northern Siberia. It was almost with a feeling of sadness that one reflected how changed all would be in a few short weeks hence—for in these high latitudes the seasons change without any perceptible prelude. At a certain moment of each year, generally about the end of May, the snow melts away under the influence of the almost tropical heat of the sun, which now ceases to set; the earth wakes from her long sleep during the dark months of the Arctic winter, luxuriant grasses spring up, the flowers appear as if by magic, hundreds and thousands of migratory birds arrive, the air resounds with the buzzing of insect life—it is summer. For about three short months this wonderful transformation lasts, till gradually the sun disappears, the long nights return, the piercing north wind commences to blow, and in a very short time—sometimes in a single night—the ice-king resumes his sway, the frost-bound earth disappears under a thick pall of snow, and all is darkness and desolation in the awful silence of the Arctic winter.

JULIUS M. PRICE.

One of our Artist's Sketches, the Engravings from which appear this week on another page, is ironically entitled "Rare Sport," and he says, in explanation: "While we lay ice-bound in the Kara Sea, as described in a former part of my narrative, one of our party, an enthusiastic sportsman, whose ardour even the Arctic cold failed to cool, got out the boat, and, accompanied by one of the men, went off on a wild-goose sort of chase after some distant seals that we could see disporting themselves among the huge ice-floes. It is almost unnecessary to add, he did not get many of them!"

We have received from another member of the party on board the steamer Biscaya some droll additional particulars concerning the trick which some of them played by inducing a novice in the Arctic regions to shoot at a sheep disguised as a Polar bear. No more need be said of that, which is a good joke among themselves; but our Correspondent further says: "It may be interesting to those concerned in Siberia to know that, on our journey back, we shot and killed a real Polar bear, weighing, to our nearest reckoning, about fifteen hundredweight. The most singular part of the business was that after twenty-six shots had been fired at him, of which, I think, only seven hit him, he swam around for about half an hour; and after that he swam back to the ship, climbed upon a piece of drift ice, and there lay down and died as quietly as a mouse. The ship's boat was lowered, ropes tied round his body, and he was hauled on board with the shout of 'Blow the man down!' by fifteen men. The bear was then skinned, his blubber put into a cask to run down into oil, and his flesh made some very dainty steaks for breakfast, which the crew relished as if it had been the flesh of a bullock; but the passengers could not fancy it, with the exception of Captain Crowther, who said he had once lived a whole winter on the flesh of a bear."

(To be continued.)



A TABLE DECORATION OF RICH CUT GLASS, MOUNTED IN GILT, MANUFACTURED FOR HIS MAJESTY KING MILAN OF SERBIA
BY MESSRS. PHILLIPS, 175-179, OXFORD-STREET.



1. General View of the Works.

2 and 3 Workmen's Houses.

4. Laboratory.

5. Soap-Boiling Room.

MESSRS. LEVER BROTHERS' SOAP WORKS, PORT SUNLIGHT, NEAR BIRKENHEAD.

THE HOME OF SUNLIGHT SOAP.

By GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA.

Entering Port Sunlight, you come on a wide expanse of land on which Lever Brothers have already built twenty-eight model "maisonettes" in red brick, and are building others, for the accommodation of some of the members of their multitudinous staff. The style adopted by the architect of this neat and cheerful little village is Old English; and in process of time, as the village develops, it will be pleasantly demonstrated that it is quite practical to erect a large number of industrial dwellings without such habitations being, as is too often the case, hideous in design and grimy in aspect. These "workmen's villas," with their trim little front gardens laid out with sloping lawns and bright with geraniums and roses—yea, even in mid-October—are let to Messrs. Lever's employés at extremely moderate rents, which are subject to a pleasant sliding scale of reduction. Thus, after the first year, the rent is reduced thirty per cent., the next year a further reduction of thirty per cent. is made, and the year after that still another thirty per cent. is taken off, leaving only ten per cent., which practically means barely a sum sufficient to defray the cost of maintenance and repairs, who, beginning by paying six shillings a week, ultimately finds that, through the beneficent agency of the reduction system, his weekly rental after three years only amounts to sevenpence.

Leaving the smiling little red-brick villas which line the roadway, you drive down hill towards the port, and soon come in sight of an immense block of buildings—the Sunlight Soap Works itself, which occupy part of a site on the Bromborough Pool, opening on to the river Mersey and extending up to the Chester and Birkenhead Railway. The total area of the site exceeds fifty-five acres. The main buildings form an irregular quadrangle, covering an area of over four acres, and comprising the "Soapery" proper, the Frame Room, Drying Room, and Stamping Room, and the offices and dining-rooms for the workpeople. The entire premises, as well as the roads leading thereto, and the wharves whence the Sunlight Soap is shipped, are lighted by electricity. Viewed from the railway, the appearance of the entire structure is certainly imposing, while, seen from the wharf, the effect produced by the structure is far more pictorial. The recessed or indented frontage of the first and second storeys gives a semblance of intercolumniation, and takes away from the building the conventional factory look of "a brick packing-case pierced with three rows of square holes." The third or attic storey is set back, with agreeable optical results, and the usually monotonous sky-line is broken by the occurrence at one angle of the structure of a lofty tower, with pierced arches at the summit, and which serves as an observatory.

Entering the works, the visitor is first conducted to Messrs. Lever's private offices, a suite of spacious and handsomely furnished apartments, in which, in addition to the usual appurtenances of cognate sanctums of business magnates, there are visible some very striking tokens of that curious and undeniably beneficent alliance between commerce and art which has sprung from the development in recent years of the system of pictorial advertisements. On the walls of Messrs. Lever's private offices hang a number of finished oil paintings by artists of acknowledged celebrity, some of which have been reproduced by means of oleography, chromo-lithography, engraving, or some other process, with the ultimate view of proclaiming the virtues of Sunlight Soap, not only on every available hoarding in the Metropolis and every other large English city and town—not only at railway stations and on the arches of bridges and viaducts, but to the uttermost corners of the globe.

The pilgrim to the Shrine of Sunlight—and Soap—is next conducted through a large and handsomely appointed counting-house, where some forty scribes are busily occupied with their clerical duties, and where among the big ledgers and the smaller account books, "like cricket-balls beaten flat," to use a Dickensian simile, a number of type-writers claim attention. From the counting-house the visitor passes into the Cardbox-Making and Wrappers and Labels Printing Room, an immense apartment, admirably lighted and ventilated, in which, in addition to a large number of male workmen, no less than two hundred girls are employed. It was impossible to look at these girls, ranging in age between fourteen and twenty, without being struck by their clean and tidy appearance, and especially by their healthy and cheerful looks—characteristics not always prominent in female factory "hands." In this box-making and printing room there are seven printing machines; one rotary machine turning out 80,000 printed wrappers per hour. The cardbox-making machinery adjoins that of the printing, and is capable of producing a quarter of million boxes a day. One noticeable feature of the cardbox-making industry as carried on in this huge atelier is the perfect order and the extreme quietude which prevail. There is no hurrying to and fro; the girls are all standing in line at the machine; and, to save time and labour, down the aisles between these machines run broad bands furnished with a series of wheels. When the boxes are finished they are placed in piles on these endless bands, which with their burdens of boxes move steadily up hill through apertures in the wall, whence they descend into the next apartment, the "Filling Room," there to receive the soap. It must not be omitted to state that, parallel with the cardbox-making room, and immediately adjoining it, is a long, narrow room, where a large contingent of women are at work, busily stretching canvases on the wooden frames, on which are afterwards to be pasted the show-cards and oleograph pictures after Frith, Leslie, Chevalier Taylor, Dorothy Tennant, and other eminent artists, and which will subsequently be exhibited in railway waiting rooms, restaurants, grocers' shops, and other eligible coigns of vantage. Stretched and hung up to dry along the sides of this long room, the show-cards and oleographs, which are produced literally by thousands, constitute one of the most singular picture galleries it is possible to conceive; while, at one extremity of the room, is the carpenters' shop, where the frames themselves are made.

In the wooden box-making room, a workshop of gigantic dimensions, containing twelve or more machines worked by steam power, the box-making operations of which are conducted entirely by boys. The process is most interesting in its swiftness, neatness, and completeness. The smaller lads of fourteen, standing on platforms above, feed the machines with nails. Another section of older lads, say of fifteen to seventeen, are tending the machines below. They pick up the disconnected boards which are to form the boxes. These planks are brought with unerring regularity and astonishing rapidity in contact with the machines, which drive in seven nails at every blow; the boys turning the sides to receive the nails with really wonderful skilfulness of manipulation. The boards are strongly and symmetrically welded together into boxes with a celerity which may be fairly called phenomenal; seeing that these steam-driven but boy-handled machines can send forth from 12,000 to 16,000 complete packing-cases in the course of a single working day. In the same room there is a steam press for printing, in large, bold black letters, the inscription, "Sunlight Soap. Lever Brothers, Ltd.: Port Sunlight"—an inscription which by this time must be familiar to the eyes of most of the steredores, the

wharfingers, and the Custom House officers on the face of the habitable globe. The observer who, during many years, has fulfilled the functions of a professional globe-trotter will have no difficulty in transporting himself spiritually from this spacious hall of wooden boxes, with its whirling machines and its army of bright-faced boys as busy as bees over work which is evidently neither cheerless nor irksome, to them, to regions thousands of miles away from Port Sunlight, and in seeing—in his mind's eye, Horatio—stacks of deal packing-cases, inscribed "Sunlight Soap: Lever Brothers, Ltd.," piled on the Circular Quay at Sydney, or ranged in the warehouse of some storekeeper who sells everything "from a needle to an anchor" at Melbourne or at Adelaide, at Brisbane or at Auckland. Farther still, in the New Zealand bush, in Indian cantonments; on Texan ranches, in Canadian homesteads, that same mind's eye may descry the packing-cases bearing the imprint of Sunlight Soap.

Another department well worthy of attention is the stamping room, in which the operatives, numbering some three hundred, under adult overseers, are boys and girls; the lads working the stamping machines—two boys to each machine, and taking quarter-of-an-hour-interval turns—the lasses wrapping up the tablets of soap in sheets of printed tissue paper, and placing carefully in the card-boxes—three tablets to each box. The tissue-paper wrappers contain matter printed in a whole bevy of different languages. Taking as a *leitmotif* the pertinent question, "Why Does a Woman Look Old Sooner than a Man?" the query is repeated in more tongues than even that Prince of Polyglottists, Dr. Ollendorff, ever dreamt of. "Sunlight Soap," "Jabon Luz del Sol," "Sunlight Sapon," "Sunlight Savon," Sunlight "Seife," Sunlight adapted to the comprehension of Frenchmen, Dutchmen, Danes, Swedes, Germans, Italians, Spaniards, Russians, and a host of other nationalities, meets the eye on these exceptionally educational papyri. When the stamped and tissue-wrapped tablets have been duly confined in the cardboard boxes, they are packed in their final wooden caskets, and travel, either to the wharf, there to be shipped to the homes both of the rising and the setting sun, or to the warehouse, whence, as occasion requires, the boxes can be taken in trucks drawn by the firm's own locomotives to the railway siding, from which communication with the entire railway system of England and Scotland is easy. The oleographs and the show-cards can be disseminated with equal facility throughout the world, and at Port Sunlight the incantations of the Witches in "Macbeth" are to some extent outdone, since the pictorial advertisements of Sunlight Soap become literally "Posters of the Sea and Land."

Even the most cursory survey of the departments on the ground floor of the Home of Sunlight Soap would be incomplete without a visit to the engine room, into which we pass from the stamping room. The primary motor in a great factory always exercises a strange fascination over me. The masses of steel and brass, all lustrous and gleaming, the nuts and screws, the bolts and rivets, and, in the midst, carefully fenced about, the Great Wheel that gives mobility to the entire system of machinery, but which from the floor shows only half its circumference, and reminds you of some mighty lion half emergent from the mouth of his cave: all these things bewitch me, as it were. Then I fall a-musing over the old story of the Russian Prince Potemkin visiting the works of Boulton and Watt, at Soho, and with haughty flippancy asking the question, "What do you sell here?" to which old Matthew Boulton, thrusting his hands deep into the pockets of his drab smalls, cogently makes answer, "We sell here, Highness, that which all the world wants—Power!" The engine-house at Port Sunlight is 51½ ft. by 20 ft., and the lofty roof is timbered with pitch pine. The pavement is tessellated in black and white mosaic, while round the walls runs a dado of deep chocolate tiles, gracefully decorated with an arabesque pattern in white. There is something almost ecclesiastical in the aspect of this centre of motive force, with its high-pitched roof, its tiled dado, and tessellated floor; and, for a moment, one is inclined to look around for a pulpit and a lecturer, but, from the brass and woodwork here, sermons suggestive enough, but of an essentially lay nature, are preached.

By this time we enter the Cooling Room, an immense apartment, in which, arranged in parallel lines, with a broad gangway running down the centre, are the "frames," 1000 in number, tall iron boxes without lids and strongly barred and bound, into which the boiling soap from a room above runs through spouts to be cooled. These serried ranks of rectangular receptacles remind you at first of the "fermenting squares" in a brewery, only the "frames" in which the soap is cooling emit, as fermenting wort does, no unpleasant fumes of potent gas; indeed, one of the most conspicuous characteristics of the process of manufacturing Sunlight Soap is the entire absence of any unpleasant odour—it may be practically said of any odour at all, save a vaguely delicate perfume of verberna or of lavender judiciously employed in scenting the soap. When the mass has become sufficiently hardened, the bars and bolts are removed; the sides of the frames are taken down, and the great square masses of soap stand revealed, looking for all the world like so many cubes cut from some colossal Gruyère cheese, minus the holes which perforate the caseous product. The cooled Sunlight Soap presents a beautifully even and smooth appearance. The huge blocks of soap are not allowed to remain long intact after they have become thoroughly cold. Workmen attack the cubes with a portable, guillotine-like apparatus, which cuts the cubes into slabs weighing about seventy pounds each, and the slabs are again sliced—this time horizontally—into bars, which are stacked "herring-bone" or "criss-cross" fashion, just as logs of timber are stacked in an Indian dockyard. Only, in India the log-rangings are done by elephants, which, though they do not come to the pay-table on Saturday, are somewhat expensive "hands" to feed. Eventually these creamy, cheesy-looking bars of soap will descend to the room already described, where the youths who preside over the stamping-machines will divide the bars into tablets, and impress them with their dies, and then stamp, and speed them on their way to be wrapped, packed, labelled, boxed, and branded, and at last shipped or carted off to find their way to toilet-stands, store-closets, kitchens, and nurseries from Pall Mall and Paris to Peru and Pekin, and from Bass's Straits to those of Behring.

On the same floor with the Cooling Room is a spacious warehouse; but, abundant as was the quantity of Sunlight Soap seen, I was informed that it did not represent more than two hours' stock: with such dispatch is the merchandise transferred to the wharf. Leaving the warehouse, a farther ascent is made by a lift to the next or top floor, where is found the actual Soap Boiling Room—a vast expanse of workroom containing twenty-seven vats, each 14 ft. in height, in breadth, and in depth, and each capable of holding 60 tons of raw material. Naturally, there is rather a high temperature and a general steaminess of a mild Turkish bath order in this prodigious boiling-house, but again you are struck by the utter absence of any oppressive odour. As for the appearance of the masses of liquid soap, bubbling and surging, eddying and rippling, hissing and steaming in the vats, one has an *embarras de richesse* in seeking for a simile to liken these furiously seething cauldrons. A lady learned in culinary lore might opine that the mixture in each vat, boiling "thick and slab," reminded her now of a pond

full of piping hot custard, "just on the turn"; or—when a slight crust forms momentarily on the liquid—of a not yet "done" Yorkshire pudding, while the youthful student of fairy tales might recall another pudding—a hasty one—immortalised in the history of Jack the Giant Killer.

Bidding adieu to the cauldrons and their fiercely bubbling contents, it is somewhat a relief to a visitor whose leisure hours are not exclusively passed by the side of a soap-boiling vat or a mashtub, a sugar bakery, a bullion-refiner's furnace, or a steam laundry, to descend by means of the lift to the ground floor, and thence to emerge into the open. The much-boiled soap is ultimately cooled, and why should not the partially steamed spectator be likewise subjected to the process of cooling—not by incarceration in a "frame," but by the gentle influence of the atmospheric air? Immediately adjoining the Works are observed large numbers of casks and cases, containing, no doubt, the various oleaginous or adipose materials which were to become the ingredients of Sunlight Soap, and in process of time the wharf or quay of Port Sunlight was reached. The tide being low, bluff skippers and tars were waiting for the flow to be able to get out to the Mersey; but cranes were at work busily loading steamers, sailing vessels, barges, and lighters with countless cases of "Sunlight Soap." There was soap to right and soap to left, soap in front and soap behind, not by any means "volleying and thundering," but peacefully descending on to decks and into holds—enough soap, one would think, to wash all the natives of Darkest Africa white, were it not that the Ethiop has as constitutional an incapacity to change his skin as the leopard has to change his spots!

Quitting the wharf, and while returning to the office, a brief visit was paid to the boiler-shed, where there are eight "Galloway" boilers, fitted with automatic stokers, and thus consuming their own smoke. Next, a glimpse was snatched of the headquarters of the Electric Light, an apartment of dimensions and decorations similar to those of the engine room. The Glycerine Department was then surveyed. Here glycerine is "recovered" from the leys of the soap, and the "recovery" plant maintained at Port Sunlight is known to be the largest in the world. The annexes to the works are now left, and the patient pilgrim to the shrine of Sunlight—and Soap—re-enters the main building, and finds two large and handsome rooms devoted to the purpose of a laboratory. Every one of the raw materials used in the manufacture of the soap, in its various stages of preparation, is exhaustively analysed and tested in this Studio of Science, and the soap itself, as a completed article, is subjected to a second analysis as careful as the first one, in order to provide against the possible intrusion of any impurities into the product, either in the early or the latest periods of its fabrication.

In bringing to a conclusion this brief sketch of the Home of Sunlight Soap, it is expedient to state that it was in January 1886 that Messrs. Lever Brothers commenced the manufacture of soap in works having a total capacity for turning out only twenty tons of soap per week. In June of the same year the factory was enlarged to a weekly capacity of ninety tons, and in November to a capacity of 270 tons per week. By June 1887 the soap-making capacity of the works had increased to 450 tons a week—the maximum of production then possible. But in February 1888 the firm acquired fifty-two acres of land on the Cheshire side of the river Mersey, named the site "Port Sunlight," and began the erection of a factory with an aggregate capacity for the production of 800 tons per week. Obviously, the colossal development within a period of less than five years of an industry of which the beginnings were so modest, but which has now become one of the most important manufactories of the Kingdom, could not have been accomplished without the bringing to bear on every department—external as well as internal—of the undertaking untiring energy and unflinching perseverance on the part of the firm. In particular they have availed themselves to the fullest extent of the natural facilities for communication with which the site which they have chosen abounds. From their wharf they have water communication with the Liverpool, Birkenhead, and Garston Docks, with the chemical works at Widnes, St. Helens, and Runcorn, the salt-works at Northwich; and the Manchester Ship Canal, with other inland waterways. It must be understood that Messrs. Lever not only send out vast quantities of Sunlight Soap, but also bring into their works quantities as immense of the substances which they require for their manufacture, since it stands to reason that, as beer cannot be brewed without malt and hops, soap cannot be produced without fats, alkalies, and other cognate ingredients. Altogether the firm have to deal with an outward and inward traffic in raw and manufactured material ranging between 60,000 to 80,000 tons per annum. This enormous yearly traffic, the result of the popularity which their Sunlight Soap has attained throughout the world, has made it indispensable to the firm to extend the ramifications of its business in branch houses and agencies on the Continent and in the Colonies; and such branches have been established at Rotterdam, Brussels, Sydney, Toronto, Paris, Naples, Lisbon, Montreal, Hamburg, Lausanne, New York, Cairo, Cape Colony, Malta, Christiania, New Zealand, and elsewhere.

It is obvious that a business of which the ramifications are so extensive as is the case with Sunlight Soap demands a metropolitan centre for the conduct of operations connected with the home distribution and the transmission abroad of a commodity the public demand for which is increasing every day, literally, by leaps and bounds. Consequently, Messrs. Lever have at Paul's Wharf, Upper Thames-street, E.C., spacious and commodious premises, comprising counting-houses, private offices, and warehouses, in which are stored with noticeable regularity and symmetry the boxes of Sunlight Soap which have been brought by sea direct from Port Sunlight. Steamers and barges are continually unloading at the wharf, but with the saponaceous guests it is a case of "welcome and farewell", for all day long wagons and carts are waiting in and departing from the street with loads of Sunlight Soap to be distributed within the firm's radius of delivery, extending to about twenty miles in every direction, or over one thousand square miles—so enormous is the area covered by London and suburbs.

As regards the Sunlight Soap itself, the manufacturers claim—and their claim has never been disputed—that their commodity is produced from the choicest and most carefully selected materials; that uncombined alkali is altogether absent from it; that it is equally devoid of artificial colouring matter; that its percentage of water is low, that it possesses high detergent qualities and the property of lathering freely in hard or soft water, and that it is free from free fatty acids or unsaponified fats. These shining merits have been vouched for in numerous detailed reports made by eminent physicians and public analysts; they have been honoured by the award of gold and silver medals to Sunlight Soap by juries at a large number of exhibitions at home and abroad, from Paris to Australia and Canada; and, last but not least, the excellence and purity of Sunlight Soap have triumphantly undergone the severest and the surest of all tests—the favourable criticism of the public at large, who, from one end of the world to the other, have used, are using, and will continue to use a commodity in the preparation of which no pains have been spared, and which is universally accepted as the very best of its kind.



1. Cooling Room.

2. Printing and Cardboard Making Department.

3. Wharf at Port Sunlight.

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THE LADIES' COLUMN.

Christmas is the children's season. The cult of Christmas has made great advances among us since the Queen married her German husband, and introduced into her household all the celebrations that Germans have, from time immemorial, associated with the season. Not yet, however, have we, as a nation, exactly copied the customs of our neighbours.

In Germany the house father and mother themselves undertake the dressing of the tree. Each member of the family, as far as possible, supplies a gift for every other member. The father and mother are made the confidantes of all the secrets; and on Christmas Eve they shut themselves up in mysterious seclusion, to dress the tree and to place the presents around it on the table. Father is entrusted with the presents for mother, and vice versa. When all is ready, the candles lit, and everything disposed to produce the best effect, the household is summoned. All share in the joy. A gift is found waiting for everybody, down to the humblest servant of the family. Here, we have not got beyond considering the Christmas-tree as the exclusive property of the children. There is, perhaps, no more effective way of distributing presents to a fairly large children's party than the tree affords. There are, however, modern variations of it, which may cause more amusement when the tree has become too familiar.

There is the "Snow Cave," which is ingeniously constructed in the corner of a room, out of, perhaps, a clothes-horse, perhaps a high garden wicker chair seat, or some other tolerably tall support, with white table-cloths thrown over, and decorated with cotton-wool sprinkled with frosting powder,

and with abundant branches of holly. The interior of the Snow Cave must be dimly lit—preferably by a coloured light. A Sybil should reside there, with many-coloured handkerchiefs adorning her brow and making her features mysterious. There is, as Leigh Hunt says, "an awful joy in terror." The children go in, one by one, as their names are called, to receive their gifts from the inmate of the Cave. Another plan is to have a sack of toys brought in by "Santa Claus," dressed in traditional style. A long overcoat and a full white beard will transform any good-natured young man into a veritable object of mystery, and therefore of interest. He should bring such presents as are not breakable with him, in the sack; others can, of course, be brought in afterwards on a tray by the servants. A more elaborate plan, and one, therefore, most suitable for a bazaar, or a very large party, is the "Christmas Ship." For this, the model of one side of a boat must be built against a wall by a carpenter. Mast and sails must be erected in the centre, and one or two bright little boys in sailor costume will stand in the hold to fish the presents out.

With any of these devices the distribution may be by means of a lottery; but that rarely turns out satisfactorily. Big children, in that case, receive gifts which are only suitable for small ones: a boy gets a doll, and a girl a gun; while, on the other principle, by providing a small present for each little guest, and previously appending the name, individual tastes and circumstances can be studied. I know many ladies, members of the Peace Society, who strongly object to children having any toys which are in any way associated with war. Some girls, extraordinary as it may sound to others, are positively fond of doing needlework, and like materials for a piece of fancy work best; while to others a book is far beyond

any toy. A really kind hostess will think of all these things, as far as she can, and provide accordingly.

Children's party dress is now very sensible. Some of the nicest and prettiest frocks are made to fall simply from a yoke; in a fairly substantial silk, with a few flounces round the bottom, no band is required. Very little elaboration of detail is found in the best frocks for children, and high necks and long sleeves are universal. It is encouraging to think how much more rationally girls are dressed nowadays than they were five-and-twenty years ago. Even the ordinary school frock in those times had a low neck and short sleeves. It is a statistical fact that the average life of the female sex has improved much more rapidly during the last twenty years than has that of the male sex. Women have put an average length of two years on to their life in that period, and men less than half that length of time. I am disposed to attribute this more than average improvement in our sex's health mainly to the fact about dress which I have above referred to. So large a proportion of a high death-rate is supplied by children (half those born dying under five years of age), that circumstances which improve the health of the young have a very great influence upon the death averages. When one remembers how very insufficiently little girls were protected from the cold during "the sixties," compared with the present rational clothing, it is by no means unreasonable to infer that this cause alone has had much to do with so strikingly improving the female death-rate.

If one wishes to appreciate the effects on the mind of custom in matters of taste, there is no more effectual way than finding out what different nationalities think of each other's cooking. Miss Mary Hooper, well known as a

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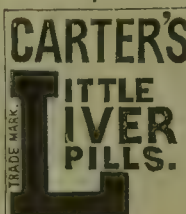
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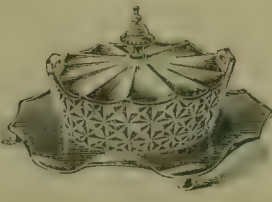
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FOREIGN NEWS.

On the evening of Dec. 17 the Empress of Germany was delivered of her sixth son, the event taking place some three weeks earlier than had been expected. After attending the dinner at the British Embassy, the Emperor drove to the Tannhäuser Opera House. At about nine o'clock a courier arrived bringing a letter for the Emperor, who, when he had glanced at the contents, immediately left the theatre. He subsequently sent a letter to the manager, who, at his Majesty's request, announced to the audience that a sixth son had been born to the Emperor, and that the Empress and child were doing well. The people rose to their feet and cheered vociferously; and when, immediately afterwards, the theatre band struck up the National Anthem, it was heartily sung by the whole audience.—On the 18th the Emperor received the extraordinary mission from the Netherlands to announce the accession of the young Queen under the Regency of Queen Emma. The members of the mission, Count du Monceau and Baron De Tayll de Serooskerkin, with the Resident Minister of the Netherlands, M. Van der Hoeven, were honoured by an invitation to the Imperial banquet in the Schloss in the evening. General von Caprivi and all the Ministers of State were also invited.—The Empress Frederick and Princess Margaret left Berlin for Kiel

on the 20th, to spend Christmas with Prince and Princess Henry of Prussia. They will return to Berlin soon after the New Year.—Prince Bismarck, when passing through Berlin, on the 17th, on his way from Varzin to Friedrichsruh, was the object of hearty demonstration at the Lehrter station.

The christening, according to the Lutheran rite, of the infant son of Prince Waldemar of Denmark, who was born on Nov. 8, took place on Dec. 18, at Amalienborg Palace. The sponsors were the King and Queen of Denmark, the Czar and Czarina, and the Crown Prince and Princess of Denmark.

The Russian Minister of Marine has ordered eight new torpedo-boats for the Black Sea Fleet. Two are to be built at Odessa, three at Nicolaieff, and three at Sebastopol.

Details of the fighting with the Indians, in the course of which Sitting Bull, the Sioux chief, and some of his comrades were shot, show that in all fifteen of the rebels were killed. There is no abatement in the alarm among the white settlers.

At a meeting of the City side of the Gresham Committee at Mercers' Hall, on Dec. 15, Mr. Karl Pearson, M.A., was elected Gresham Lecturer in Geometry, in succession to the Dean of Exeter. Mr. Pearson gained an open scholarship at King's College, Cambridge, in 1875, and was third wrangler in

1879. He was subsequently elected Fellow of King's College. He is now Professor of Mechanics and Applied Mathematics in University College, London, and for the past six years has been actively employed in teaching engineering students, principally at that institution. He is the author of numerous scientific works. There were twenty candidates for the position, of whom six had been selected to deliver public probationary lectures in geometry.

Mr. Tapling, M.P., occupied the chair at the annual dinner in connection with the Commercial Travellers' Schools, which was held at the Hôtel Métropole on Dec. 17, when a sum of nearly £3000 was subscribed towards the funds.

The new electric underground railway between the City and Stockwell (of which some illustrations were recently given in this Paper) was opened for public traffic on Dec. 18, and was fairly patronised from morning till night.

A most enjoyable musical entertainment, organised by Mr. Herbert Tritton, the vice-president of the Central Young Men's Christian Association, and Mrs. Tritton, was given on Dec. 15 to a large party of the members at Exeter (Lower) Hall. The programme included pianoforte and violoncello duets, violin solos, and vocal selections. In the course of the evening Mr. Herbert Tritton gave an interesting address entitled "America Revisited."

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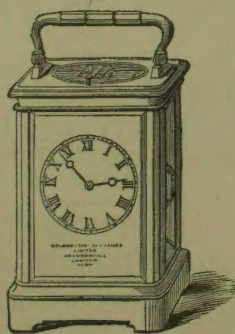
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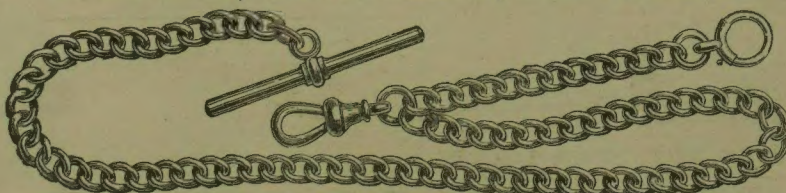
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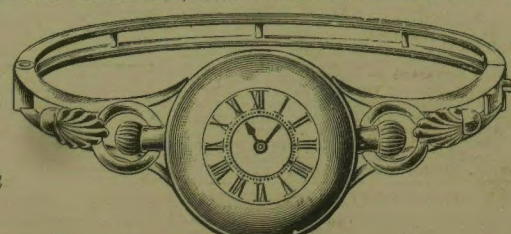
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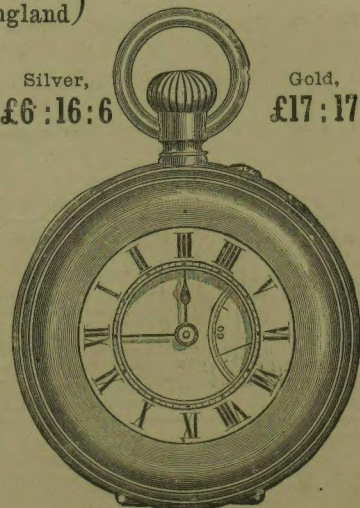
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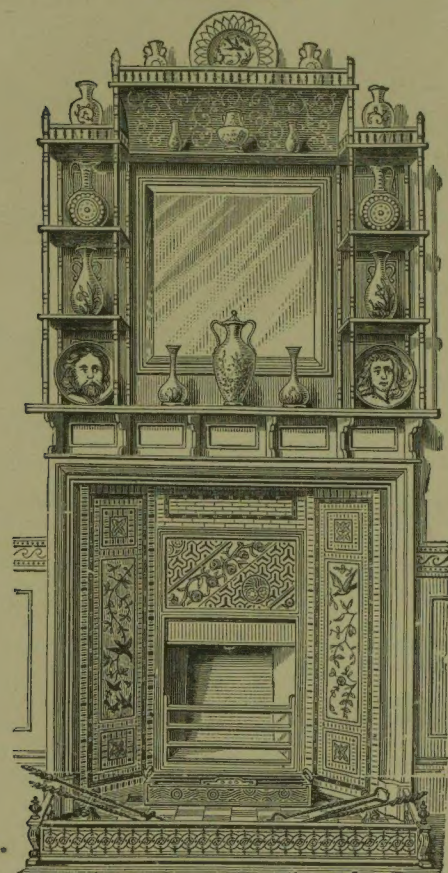


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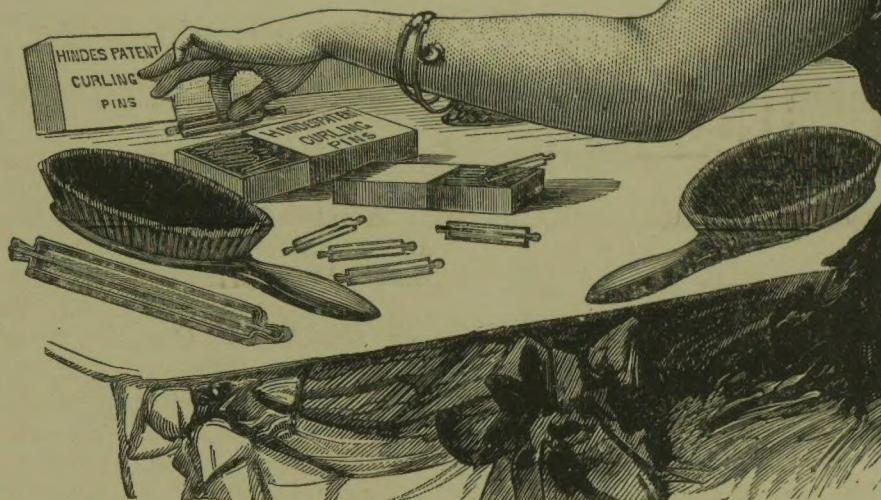
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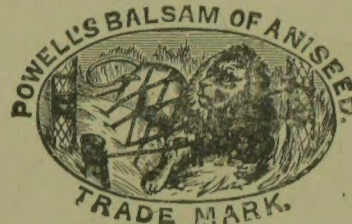
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THE BEST OF ALL CHRISTMAS BOXES!

CONTAINING THE

KEY TO HEALTH!!



So Christmas is here, and there's joy through the land;
 The banner of peace and goodwill is unfurled;
 The big merry world likes to shake Beecham's hand,
 While Beecham is proud to shake hands with the world.
 For this is a jolly time—mistletoe, holly time—
 Fun-making, feasting, and frolicsome folly time.
 Still, when you're told by the wise and reflective,
 This is the time, too, you'll need a corrective,
 Why, take BEECHAM'S PILLS,
 And avoid doctors' bills;
 Let Beecham set right all digestion defective.
 Enjoy your "plum duff,"
 And "a bottle of stuff"

NOT prescribed by the College of Surgeons collective!

The New Year is on us, the Old Year's behind,
 And some folk found fortune, and some found hard knocks,
 And some made that really invaluable find—
 Sound health, in the pills WORTH A GUINEA A BOX.
 Authors have told of 'em truths that are gold of 'em,
 Artists have painted advertisements bold of 'em,
 Rovers, who visit far lands to explore 'em,
 Soon see that wisdom arrived there before 'em;
 On primitive hills
 To read "TAKE BEECHAM'S PILLS"
 Is something, they say, that goes well nigh to floor 'em.
 E'en Stanley, 'tis thought
 (Though we doubt the report),
 Found blacks taking Beecham to brace and restore 'em!

A truce to our fun; yet before we have done
 There's a marvellous fact to make clear.
 BEECHAM'S PILLS have a sale—ere we start 'ninety-one—
 Of some six million boxes this year!
 Which, with growing demand in each civilised land,
 Is best proof of their value and worth.
 So now, friends, au revoir! May Good Health, hand in hand
 With Good Luck, be your lines upon earth!